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AMONG THE
GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE

AMONG
THE GREAT MASTERS

By
Walter Rowlands

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Among the Great Masters of Warfare
Among the Great Masters of Literature
Among the Great Masters of Music
Among the Great Masters of Painting
Among the Great Masters of Oratory

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Among the Great
Masters of Landscape
Painting of the 17th and 18th Centuries

The picture, *The Mitre Tavern*, is a copy of a
painting by
Eyre Crowe.

The Mitre Tavern.
From painting by Eyre Crowe.



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London.



Among the Great
Masters of Literature

Scenes in the Lives of Great Authors

Thirty-two Reproductions of Famous Paintings
with Text by
Walter Rowlands



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Publishers

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To My Mother



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HOMER	I
SAPPHO	10
VIRGIL	20
DANTE	28
PETRARCH	40
BOCCACCIO	48
TASSO	53
CHAUCEER	60
MORE	67
SHAKESPEARE	72
WALTON	84
MILTON	94
DEFOE	105
SWIFT	113
POPE	123
STERNE	135
CHATTERTON	145

Contents.

	PAGE
JOHNSON	152
GOLDSMITH	162
BURNS	171
CHARTIER	180
MOLIÈRE	186
VOLTAIRE	193
DIDEROT	201
SCHILLER	210
GOETHE	217

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
THE MITRE TAVERN	<i>Frontispiece</i>
HOMER	8
SAPPHO	17
VIRGIL, HORACE, AND VARIUS AT THE HOUSE OF MÆCENAS	22
DANTE MEETING MATILDA	28
DANTE AND BEATRICE	35
THE PRESENTATION OF PETRARCH AND LAURA	45
BOCCACCIO	53
TASSO AT FERRARA	58
CHAUCE AT THE COURT OF EDWARD III.	62
SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS DAUGHTER .	68
SHAKESPEARE BEFORE SIR THOMAS LUCY.	72
SHAKESPEARE READING BEFORE QUEEN ELIZABETH	78
SHAKESPEARE AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES .	80

List of Illustrations.

	PAGE
IZAACK WALTON AND HIS PUPIL . . .	92
MR. OLIVER CROMWELL OF ELY VISITS MR. JOHN MILTON	96
MILTON DICTATING "PARADISE LOST" TO HIS DAUGHTERS	103
DEFOE IN THE PILLORY	110
SWIFT AND STELLA	115
THE REJECTED POET	132
YORICK AND THE GRISETTE	141
CHATTERTON	145
DOCTOR JOHNSON IN THE ANTEROOM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD	160
THE FIRST AUDIENCE	169
BURNS IN EDINBURGH, 1787	171
THE MEETING OF BURNS AND SCOTT	175
ALAIN CHARTIER AND MARGARET OF SCOT- LAND	181
MOLIÈRE AND HIS COMPANY	187
THE ROUND TABLE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT	196
LA LECTURE CHEZ DIDEROT	202
SCHILLER AT WEIMAR.	210
NAPOLEON I., GOETHE, AND WIELAND	218

PREFACE.

THE compiler desires to acknowledge his indebtedness for aid generously given by Mr. George E. Layton, Secretary of the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, and by Mr. Charles M. Hardie, of Edinburgh, in securing the pictures of Chaucer and Burns.

“ FOR there was Milton like a seraph strong,
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild;
And there the world-worn Dante grasp'd his song,
And somewhat grimly smiled.

“ And there the Ionian father of the rest;
A million wrinkles carved his skin;
A hundred winters snow'd upon his breast,
From cheek and throat and chin.”

— TENNYSON, *The Palace of Art*.

AMONG THE GREAT MASTERS OF LITERATURE.

HOMER.

“PERADVENTURE it is not to be marvelled at,” says Plutarch, “if in long process of time (fortune altering her effects daily) these worldly events often fall out one like another. . . . Thus, of the two famous Scipios, the Carthaginians were first overcome by the one, and afterwards utterly destroyed by the other. Thus the city of Troy was first taken by Hercules, for the horses that Laomedon had promised him; the second time by Agamemnon, by means of the great wooden horse; and the third time by

Charidemus, by means of a horse that fell within the gate and kept the Trojans from shutting it in time. And thus, after two sweet-smelling plants, two cities, Ios and Smyrna, were named, the one signifying the Violet, and the other Myrrh. It is supposed that the poet Homer was born in the one and died in the other."

Smyrna has perhaps the better claim to the honour of being the birthplace of Homer, but Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens dispute the palm with her.

"Seven cities now contend for Homer dead
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

The Homeric hymn to the Delian Apollo, once ascribed to Homer himself, says, in the fine translation by Henry Nelson Coleridge, the nephew and literary executor of the poet Coleridge :

"Virgins! farewell — and oh! remember me,
Hereafter, when some stranger from the sea,

A helpless wanderer, may your isle explore,
And ask you, maids, of all the bards you boast,
Who sings the sweetest and delights you most?
Oh ! answer all : ' A blind old man, and poor —
Sweetest he sings — and dwells on Chios' rocky
shore.' ”

Antipater of Sidon wittily solved the problem, doubtless to his own satisfaction at least, thus :

“ From Colophon some deem thee sprung,
From Smyrna some, and some from Chios ;
These noble Salamis have sung,
While those proclaim thee born in Ios ;
And others cry up Thessaly
The mother of the Lapithæ.

“ Thus each to Homer has assigned
The birthplace which just suits his mind.

“ But, if I read the volume right,
By Phœbus to his followers given,
I'd say they're all mistaken quite,
And that his real country's heaven ;
While for his mother, she can be
No other than Calliope.”

Concerning the old singer's blindness, Sir John Denham wrote:

"I can no more believe old Homer blind
Than those who say the sun has never shined :
The age wherein he lived was dark ; but he
Could not want sight who taught the world to see."

And as to his grave, one ancient poet asseverates :

"Blest Isle of Ios ! On thy rocky steep
The Star of Song, the Grace of Graces sleeps."

It would scarcely be expected that this little book should set forth, much less attempt to decide, the still unsolved problems of Homer's career, — questions which once engaged the intellect of a Gladstone, among others.

However, if ever, these questions may be settled, they probably did not much concern those artists who have vied with the writers in their lavish tributes to Homer, — pen and

pencil alike seeking to do their utmost in honour of the "Father of Poetry."

Raphael, in his fresco of "Parnassus," in the Vatican, wherein Apollo, seated under laurels and surrounded by the Muses, plays upon a violin, has portrayed Homer as singing, with hand outstretched and face uplifted, inspired by the music of the God.

The eminent French painter, Baron Gerard, executed a picture of the blind old poet standing, a majestic figure, on the rocky shore of Chios, listening, as if entranced, to the rythmic roar of the waves. One hand is raised to heaven, and the other rests on the shoulder of his guide, a girl of tender years, who seems about to lead him away in search of shelter.

It is a repetition in paint of Coleridge's pen-picture of

"that blind bard, who on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed with inward light,

Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey,
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

Ingres depicted him, on a ceiling in the Louvre, almost as a god, seated before a temple, and crowned by the Universe, with the Iliad and the Odyssey at his feet, while the great men of all times offer him their homage. Pindar raises his lyre, Herodotus burns incense, Phidias proffers his inspired chisel, and Alexander the Great holds out the casket in which he deposited his copy of the Iliad. Sappho and Horace are among the illustrious ones there, Virgil introduces Dante, and Apelles conducts Raphael, while Michael Angelo, Tasso, Shakespeare, La Fontaine, Mozart, Poussin, and Molière also find place amid the mighty minds assembled in praise of Homer.

Kaulbach, in one of his wall paintings in the New Museum at Berlin, represents him with lyre in hand approaching the Grecian

shore in a boat steered by the Cumæan sybil, while Thetis and the Nereids arise from the sea to listen to his song. On the shore are gathered the great men of Greece, — Hesiod, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Pericles, and many more ; and in the air above float the three Graces, Apollo and the Muses, and the gods of Olympus.

Delacroix enriched the cupola of the Library of the Luxembourg Palace with a painting of a scene in Elysium wherein Homer appears receiving Dante, who is presented by Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan being near by.

Bouguereau, in a picture which once adorned the gallery of A. T. Stewart, the New York dry goods millionaire, and is now in the Layton Art Gallery at Milwaukee, shows the venerable bard attacked by the dogs of some rude peasants and being led away by his youthful guide.

A striking conception of the theme is fur-

nished by Lecomte du Nouy, a distinguished French artist, in his triptych which appeared at the Salon in 1882. The central portion of this fine work portrays the aged poet, resting, while beside him sleeps the boy who guides his wavering footsteps. It is night, and around him reposes a templed city, but Homer, with hand on his beloved lyre, and face uplifted to the stars, wakes and composes his immortal lines. The right-hand panel of the triptych typifies the Iliad, with the goddess of Discord brandishing torch and spear above the dead body of a fallen king; and in the left section appears Penelope, the faithful spouse of Ulysses. She carries in her arms the portrait and the bow of her absent hero, while behind is seen the tapestry by means of which she evaded the importunities of the suitors, and at her feet sits the favourite dog of Ulysses.

Jules Jean Antoine Lecomte du Nouy was born at Paris in 1842, and studied art

would be impossible to show a single perfect
figure, and in the figures which appeared
at the same time. The common practice
of the time was to paint the figures
separately, and then to put them together
in the composition. It is evident
that the figures were painted separately,
and then put together in the composition.
The figures were painted separately,
and then put together in the composition.
The figures were painted separately,
and then put together in the composition.

Homer

From painting by Lecomte du Nouy.

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under Gleyre and Gerome, winning a second Grand Prize of Rome in 1865. His début at the Salon had been made in 1863 with "Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta in Hell." His pictures are seldom seen in the United States, but many Americans will recall his "Bearers of Bad News," a striking episode of the times of the Pharaohs, in the Luxembourg, which gained him a medal in 1872. The "Homer" triptych was shown at the Paris Exposition of 1889, together with "Rameses in His Harem," and a silver medal was bestowed on the artist at that time. Previous to painting it, he had produced a "Homer Begging," which is now in the Museum of Grenoble. He decorated the Chapel of St. Vincent de Paul, in the Church of the Trinity at Paris, with a painting of "St. Vincent de Paul Converting Galley-slaves."

SAPPHO.

OF the life of Sappho, the most celebrated of all women poets, we know but little. So many centuries have passed since she wrote the poems which have made her name immortal, that hardly any authentic records of her history survive. She was probably born in Mitylene, one of the great centres of Greek civilisation, and the principal city of the island of Lesbos, in the Ægean Sea. Mitylene, once classed by Horace with Rhodes, Ephesus, and Corinth, now but a decaying Turkish village, is built upon a rocky promontory with a harbour on either hand. Behind it the wooded hills, thickly clothed with silvery olives and darker pomegranates, rise to meet the bases of the loftier mountains from whose heights "you look eastward upon the pale distances of Asia Minor, or down upon the calm Ægean, intensely blue, amid

which the island rests as if inlaid in lapis lazuli."

The dates of the birth and death of Sappho are lost, but she is thought to have been at the zenith of her fame about the year 610 B. C. We know that she divided with her distinguished fellow countryman, Alcæus, the leadership of the Æolic school of lyric poetry, and that she was the centre of a circle of accomplished women, who looked up to her as a teacher. It should be said here that the Æolians had to some extent preserved the ancient Greek manners, and their women enjoyed a distinct individual existence and moral character. They evidently shared in the general high state of civilisation, which not only fostered poetical talents of a high order among women, but encouraged in them a taste for philosophical reflection.

The legend which asserts that Sappho put an end to her existence by leaping into

the sea from the rock of Leucadia (the cliff is known to this day as "Sappho's Leap"), because of an unrequited attachment for a beautiful youth named Phaon,¹ does not rest on any firm historic ground. Sappho is supposed to have married a wealthy man, who left her a widow while she was still young.

She was the admiration of all antiquity, as is witnessed by her contemporary Solon, the great lawgiver, who, hearing one of her poems recited, exclaimed that he would not willingly die until he had learned it by heart.

Plato hailed her as the tenth Muse :

"Some thoughtlessly proclaim the Muses nine ;
A tenth is Lesbian Sappho, maid divine."

Strabo says he knew "no woman who in any, even the least degree, could be com-

¹ Phaon, a boatman of Mitylene, having ferried Venus disguised as an old woman over into Asia, without charge, was presented by the goddess with a small box of ointment. As soon as he had rubbed himself with this, he became one of the handsomest of men.

pared to her for poetry." Plutarch speaks of the grace of her poems acting on her listeners like an enchantment. Others called her "the female Homer," and she was frequently styled "the Poetess," just as Homer was "the Poet." Of her numerous works, only fragments remain. The following, translated by Ambrose Philips, is one of the longest and best known :

" Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile !

" 'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

" My bosom glowed ; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

" In dewy damps my limbs were chilled ;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled ;

My feeble pulse forgot to play, —
I fainted, sank, and died away!"

Another fragment — an epitaph on a favourite maiden — says :

"This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head
Cut with sharp steel their locks, their strewments for
the dead."

Among the translators of Sappho, whose theme is generally love, may be found Tom Moore, Swinburne, Rossetti, Sir Edwin Arnold, J. Addington Symonds, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

We have spoken of Alcæus, the inventor of Alcaic verses, as Sappho was of Sapphic. "These two will always be united in fame as the joint founders of the lyric poetry of Greece, and therefore of the world."

Alcæus is said to have paid his addresses to Sappho, as the Greek poet Hermesianax sings :

“ And well thou knowest how famed Alcæus smote
Of his high harp the love enlivened strings,
And raised to Sappho’s praise the enamored note,
Midst noise of mirth and jocund revellings :
Aye, he did love that nightingale of song
With all a lover’s fervor.”

Alcæus spent much of his life amid political convulsions, in which he was prominent, and his songs are not only of love, but also of war, as is the one we here present :

“ Glitters with brass my mansion wide ;
The roof is deck’d on every side
 In martial pride.
With helmets ranged in order bright
And plumes of horse-hair nodding white,
 A gallant sight —
Fit ornament for warrior’s brow —
And round the walls, in goodly row,
 Refulgent glow
Stout greaves of brass like burnish’d gold,
And corslets there, in many a fold
 Of linen roll’d ;
And shields that in the battle fray
The routed losers of the day
 Have cast away ;

Eubœan falchions too are seen,
 With rich embroider'd belts between
 Of dazzling sheen :
 And gaudy surcoats piled around,
 The spoils of chiefs in war renown'd,
 May there be found.
 These, and all else that here you see,
 Are fruits of glorious victory
 Achieved by me."

Sir William Jones, in his "Ode in Imitation of Alcæus," shows us the Greek poet attaining a loftier height. These noble lines, though well known, can scarcely be too often quoted.

" What constitutes a state ?
 Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
 Thick wall, or moated gate ;
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned ;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride ;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride :
 No — men, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
 In forest, brake, or den,





As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
 Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain ;
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain ;
 These constitute a state ;
And sovereign Law, that with collected will
 O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
 Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend Dissension like a vapour sinks ;
 And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks."

In Alma Tadema's painting of "Sappho," the figure of Alcæus is of equal importance with that of the poetess. Clothed in a garment of pale rose, he sits opposite her, and accompanies on his lute the fervent words of his song.

Sappho, leaning on a stand which holds the wreath, bound with ribbons, that is the crown of poets, listens with absorbed interest to this not unwelcome tribute of praise and love. She wears a robe of green and gray,

and violets are bound in her deep black hair. Beside her stands her daughter Clets, and above may be seen three pupils of her school. The dazzling white marble of the exedra is relieved against the dark stone pines, through which we see the rich blue southern sea and sky.

This work, one of the artist's masterpieces, was first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1881, and is now in the celebrated collection of pictures left by William T. Walters of Baltimore, which also holds other canvases by this eminent Dutch-English painter. As every art-lover knows, Alma Tadema's fame rests most securely upon his marvellous reproductions of the life of ancient Greece and Rome, especially to be studied in such important examples of his genius as "The Vintage Festival," "The Picture Gallery," "The Sculpture Gallery," "A Roman Emperor," "An Audience at Agrippa's," and "Hadrian in England." These and others

such as these have earned for him both gold and glory, and the sobriquet of the "Archæologist of artists." Nearly half of his life has been spent in England, — he was born in Holland in 1836, — and one of his latest honours came to him in 1899, when he received the gift of knighthood from Queen Victoria. Emerson said that in England, "Not trial by jury, but the dinner, is the capital institution," and so it was natural that, soon after this recognition of Alma Tadema's merit, some scores of his friends and admirers enthusiastically greeted him at a banquet given in his honour in London.

It is worthy of note that he is the third painter from the Low Countries to attain knighthood at the hands of an English sovereign, the first two being Peter Paul Rubens and Anthony Van Dyck.

VIRGIL.

ENGLAND'S greatest poet laureate, in the lines which he wrote at the request of the Mantuans for the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's death, addresses him as

“Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and
vineyard, hive and horse and herd ;
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a
lonely word.”

Tennyson, in thus referring to the great Roman singer, had in mind his *Georgics*, those poems on the labours and enjoyments of rural life, which are generally thought to be his most complete work.

It is said that the *Georgics* were written at the request of Mæcenas, the friend and patron of Virgil, in the hope of encouraging the veteran soldiers, to whom land had been given in return for their services, in the

peaceful occupation of cultivating their farms. Virgil hated war, and in this work endeavoured to enthrone labour in its place. How far he succeeded is questionable.

“It would be absurd to suppose,” says Dean Merivale, “that Virgil’s verses induced any Roman to put his hand to the plough, or take from his bailiff the management of his own estates; but they served undoubtedly to revive some of the simple tastes and sentiments of the olden time, and perpetuated, amid the vices and corruptions of the Empire, a pure stream of sober and innocent enjoyment.”

The Georgics were begun in the year 37 B. C. and occupied seven years of the poet’s time. Haste was far from Virgil’s way, — Tennyson sings of him as

“Old Virgil, who would write ten lines, they say,
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day’
To make them wealthier in his readers, eyes.”

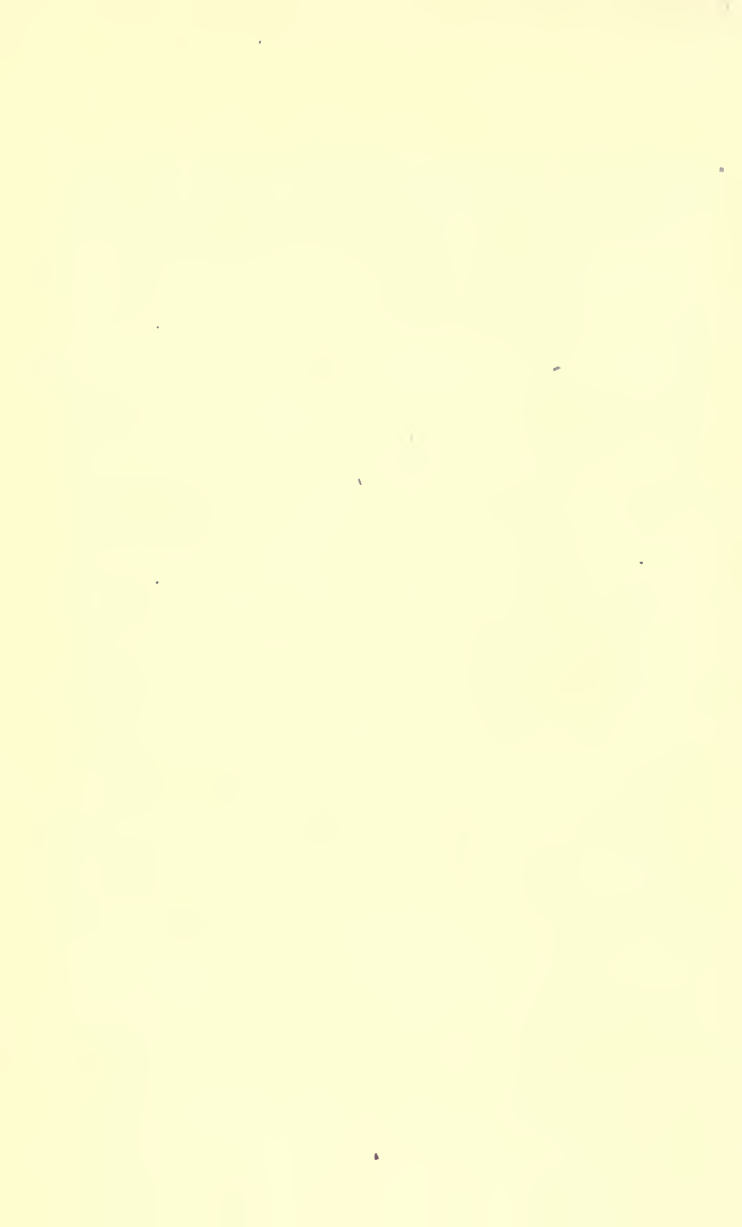
The poem was dedicated to Mæcenâs, and the distinguished French artist Jalabert has given us a fine picture of Virgil reciting it to his noble patron in the presence of Horace and Varius. Jalabert, a pupil of Paul Delaroche, painted this canvas in Rome and sent it to the Salon of 1847, where it received a medal, and, becoming the property of the French nation, is now in the Luxembourg. It shows us Virgil standing, tablets in hand, in the act of reading, next him being seated the poet Horace, ivy-crowned, while Varius leans against the pedestal of a great sculptured vase, and the generous Mæcenâs sits on the right. The scene appears to be at the beautiful villa of Mæcenâs at Tivoli, the favourite summer resort of the Romans of that day. We know not which portion of his famous work the poet is supposed to be reciting, but can easily believe it to be those lines from the apostrophe to Italy in the second book of the Georgics :



Virgil, Horace, and Varians at the House of Mæcenas.

From painting by Charles François Jalabert.





“ Such the land which sent to battle Marsian footmen
stout and good,
Sabine youth, and Volscian spearmen, and Liguria’s
hardy brood ;
Hence have sprung our Decii, Marii, mighty names
which all men bless,
Great Camillus, kinsmen Scipios, sternest men in
battle’s press !
Hence hast thou too sprung, great Cæsar, whom the
farthest East doth fear,
So that Mede nor swarthy Indian to our Roman lines
come near !
Hail, thou fair and beauteous mother, land of ancient
Saturn, hail !
Rich in crops and rich in heroes ! thus I dare to wake
the tale
Of thine ancient land and honour, opening founts
that slumbered long,
Rolling through our Roman towns the echoes of old
Hesiod’s song.”

“Living as he did in the highest society of the capital, where he was very popular, Virgil never forgot his old friends ; and it is pleasant to read that he sent money to his aged parents regularly every year. So highly

was he esteemed by his own contemporaries, that on one occasion when he visited the theatre, the whole audience is said to have risen in a body and saluted him with the same honours which were paid to Augustus. It is as much to his honour that Caligula should have ordered all his busts to be banished from the public libraries, as that St. Augustine should have quoted him alone of heathen authors, in his celebrated ‘Confessions.’ ”

It was Virgil who introduced Horace, lately despoiled, like himself, of his paternal property, to Mæcenas, whose favour and protection he enjoyed to the end of his life. From Mæcenas, Horace received the present of a modest estate in the Sabine country, — a slight gift for the rich and powerful minister to bestow, but beyond price to the poet, who so loved a country life, and was never weary of singing the praises of his Sabine farm.

Like Virgil, neither a sycophant nor a parasite, Horace had a real and lasting affection for his patron Mæcenas, to whom, many years before they were parted by death's cold hand, he addressed these verses :

“ Why wilt thou kill me with thy boding fears ?

Why, O Mæcenas, why ?

Before thee lies a train of happy years ;

Yes, nor the gods nor I

Could brook that thou shouldst first be laid in dust

Who art my stay, my glory, and my trust !

“ Ah, if untimely fate should snatch thee hence,

Thee, of my soul a part,

Why should I linger on, with deadened sense,

And ever aching heart,

A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine ?

No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine !

“ Think not that I have sworn a bootless oath ;

Yes, we shall go, shall go,

Hand linked in hand, whene'er thou ledest, both

The last sad road below ! ”

And in truth it was but a few months after Mæcenas had left this life behind him that

.

he was followed by Horace, who was laid to rest in a corner of the Esquiline, close to the tomb of his dear friend and patron.

Virgil's recommendation of Horace to Mæcenas was seconded by Varius, celebrated as a writer of epic poetry, and for his tragedy of "Thyestes." He was one of those appointed by Augustus to revise the *Æneid*, and is spoken of by Horace in the following lines :

" Mæcenas, Virgil, Varius, — if I please
In my poor writings these and such as these, —
If Plotius, Valgius, Fuscus will commend,
And good Octavius, I've achieved my end."

Mæcenas, whose name has become proverbial for a munificent friend of literature, was of the highest patrician blood, claiming descent from the old Etruscan kings. The confidential adviser and minister of Augustus, he was also a man of great general accomplishments, well versed in the literature of Greece and Rome, a lover of the fine arts

and of natural history, and a connoisseur of gems and precious stones. His great wealth enabled him to gratify these various tastes, and his chief relaxation from the cares of statesmanship was in the society of men of letters. To gain admittance to his social circle was a coveted privilege, for not only was this in itself a mark of distinction, but his parties were well known as the pleasantest in Rome.

Like many of the men of his time who were eminent in affairs, Mæcenas wrote much and on various topics, but with only partial success. He shone far more as appreciator than as originator. His magnificent palace on the Esquiline hill was built where the church of Santa Maria Maggiore now stands, and commanded a superb view. From its lofty tower Nero is said to have witnessed the spectacle of Rome in flames beneath him. No trace of it or of the patrician villa at Tivoli now remains, and he who represented

the great Augustus in his absences from Rome and negotiated the peace of Brundisium with Antony, is best remembered by the lines of the poet to whom he had been kind, — Horace, the son of a slave.

DANTE.

THIRTEEN centuries had passed since the death of Virgil when the lofty imagination of Dante chose him as its guide through the realms of hell. The two poets, having made an end of their journey of terrors and reached Purgatory, continue until they perceive a stately dame walking along alone. Dante says :

“And there appeared to me . . .
A lady all alone, who went along
Singing and culling floweret after floweret,
With which her pathway was all painted over.”

A grateful sight, indeed, to eyes which had so lately looked on the torments of the





damned in the black gulfs of the Inferno. This lady, debonair and calm, is Matilda, who acts as Dante's guide through the Terrestrial Paradise, after the departure of Virgil and before the appearance of Beatrice.

Dante accosts her, and they converse together while walking along on either side of the stream of Lethe, the river of oblivion, which forms the boundary between Purgatory and Paradise. Dante is afterward drawn through the waters of Lethe by Matilda, who then leads him to Beatrice, first, however, showing him the vision of a mystical procession, in the midst of which Beatrice is seen, crowned with olive and wearing a flame-coloured robe, a green mantle, and a white veil. She is represented as standing on a chariot, with angels singing and strewing flowers over her.

The commentators on Dante by no means agree as to the identity of Matilda, but perhaps the most generally accepted theory is

that she is meant for the great Countess Matilda of Tuscany, the friend and ally of Pope Gregory VII. in his warfare with the Roman Empire, and the munificent benefactress of the Holy See by the bequest of her lands to the Church.

Matilda, daughter of Boniface III., Duke of Tuscany, and Beatrice of Lorraine, was born in 1046, and in 1063 was wedded to Godfrey, eldest son of her mother's second husband. Becoming a widow in 1076, she married, in 1089, Guelf of Bavaria, from whom she was divorced in 1095. It was at her mountain castle of Canossa that the excommunicated Emperor Henry IV. submitted to Gregory VII., and performed a bitter and humiliating penance lasting three days, in January, 1077. The warlike countess died childless, in 1115, at the age of sixty-nine, and lies buried in the Vatican.

The French artist, Maignan's, fine painting of Dante's encounter with Matilda was first

shown at the Salon of 1887 and was purchased by the state, which had previously bought his picture of the "Departure of the Norman Fleet for the Conquest of England in 1066." His painting of the dying sculptor, Carpeaux, is now in the Luxembourg, and his "Sleep of Fra Angelico," "Birth of the Pearl," and "Voices of the Tocsin," well attest his possession of those gifts which justify the choice of a painter's career. Maignan's "Birth of the Pearl" and "William the Conqueror" were included in the display of French art at the Chicago Exhibition of 1893.

Should any reader think an apology needed for including in a book of this scope an illustration showing Virgil and Dante together in the underworld, we answer that we think it allowable because, to those who know Dante's great work, the imaginary journey of the two poets through the Inferno seems not less an actual happening than the great Florentine's

banishment from his native city, or his sojourn in exile with Can Grande at Verona.

The tender blossoms of the May-time, such as fell in Purgatory athwart the path of the dark poet of hell and his fair guide-to-be, met joyous greeting from the festival-loving Florentines every recurring spring.

It was on a May day in the year 1274, that Folco Portinari, one of the chief citizens of Florence, and father of the lady whom Italy's greatest poet has immortalised, gave a feast to his friends. Among the guests who shared his hospitality was Alighiero Alighieri, accompanied by his son Dante, of the age of nine, who then saw Beatrice Portinari for the first time. In his "*Vita Nuova*" ("*The New Life*") Dante says: "She appeared to me at the beginning of her ninth year, almost, and I saw her, almost, at the end of my ninth year. Her dress, on that day, was of a most noble colour, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with

her very tender age. At that moment, I say, most truly, that the spirit of life, which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart, began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith ; and in trembling it said these words : ‘ *Ecce deus fortior me, qui veniens dominabitur mihi.*’ . . . I say that, from that time forward, Love quite governed my soul.” The poem goes on to tell how, exactly nine years later, “the same wonderful lady appeared to me, dressed all in pure white, between two gentle ladies older than she. And passing through a street, she turned her eyes thither where I stood, sorely abashed ; and by her unspeakable courtesy, which is now guerdoned in the Great Cycle, she saluted me with so virtuous a bearing that I seemed then and there to behold the very limits of blessedness. The hour of her most sweet salutation was cer-

¹ Here is a deity stronger than I ; who, coming, shall rule over me.

tainly the ninth of that day ; and because it was the first time that any words from her reached mine ears, I came into such a sweetness, that I parted thence as one intoxicated."

The following sonnet, translated, as are the other selections from the " Vita Nuova " here given, by D. G. Rossetti, describes again the salutation of Beatrice :

" My lady looks so gentle and so pure
When yielding salutations by the way,
That the tongue trembles and has naught to say,
And the eyes, which fain would see, may not endure.
And still, amid the praise she hears secure,
She walks with humbleness for her array ;
Seeming a creature sent from heaven to stay
On earth, and show a miracle made sure.
She is so pleasant in the eyes of men
That through the sight the inmost heart doth gain
A sweetness which needs proof to know it by ;
And from between her lips, there seems to move
A soothing spirit that is full of love,
Saying for ever to the soul, ' O sigh ! ' "

Henry Holiday's picture of Dante meeting Beatrice was suggested by another portion





of the poem, wherein is related how she, because of a false rumour which had reached her concerning Dante and another lady, denied him her greeting. In the painting the poet is shown as having just crossed the Ponte S. Trinita, when he meets Beatrice and two friends coming along the Lung' Arno from the Ponte Vecchio. This ancient bridge, having been washed away by a flood some years before, had been recently rebuilt, and forms the principal feature in the background of the picture. The lady on our left, whose hand rests on Beatrice's shoulder, and who looks toward the poet so "stern of lineament," is supposed to be the Monna Vanna referred to by him in one of his sonnets as being an intimate friend of his lady's.

"Dante and Beatrice" was first exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1883, and is now the property of the Walker Art Gallery of Liverpool, where may also be seen Rossetti's picture of "Dante's Dream." Its author, an

English artist, is probably best known for his work in stained glass, not a few of his windows being in the United States.

Every one knows something of the purely platonic love of Dante and Beatrice, but some readers may not know that, in his "Vita Nuova," the poet relates how, being at a certain marriage festival in Florence, at which Beatrice was also present, he was seized with a sudden strange trembling, and became greatly troubled. Rossetti says: "It is difficult not to connect Dante's agony at this wedding feast with our knowledge that, in her twenty-first year, Beatrice was wedded to Simone de' Bardi. That she herself was the bride on this occasion might seem out of the question from the fact of its not being in any way so stated: but on the other hand, Dante's silence throughout the 'Vita Nuova' as regards her marriage (which must have brought deep sorrow even to his ideal love) is so startling that we might almost be led to

conceive in this passage the only intimation of it which he thought fit to give."

Beatrice died, aged twenty-four, on the 9th of June, 1290, and amid his laments, Dante has some curious things to say about the recurrence of the number *nine* in connection with her.

Among his comments we find : " This number was her own self : that is to say, by similitude, as thus : The number three is the root of the number nine ; seeing that without the interposition of any other number, being multiplied merely by itself, it produceth nine, as we manifestly perceive that three times three are nine. Thus, three being of itself the efficient of nine, and the Great Efficient of Miracles being of Himself Three Persons (to wit : the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit), which, being Three, are also One, this lady was accompanied by the number nine to the end that men might clearly perceive her to be a nine, that is, a miracle,

whose only root is the Holy Trinity. It may be that a more subtle person would find for this thing a reason of greater subtilty: but such is the reason that I find, and that liketh me best." Dante's poem on the death of Beatrice is more to our liking than these mystical phrases, and includes this beautiful stanza:

"Beatrice is gone up into high heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace;
And lives with them, and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away like others; nor by summer heats:
But through a perfect gentleness, instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead,
Such an exceeding glory went up hence,
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Enter'd Him for that lovely excellence,
So that He bade her to Himself aspire:
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace."

Carlyle says: "I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love,

like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft ; like a child's young heart ; one likens it to the song of angels ; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest that ever came out of a human soul."

"Whom first we love, we seldom wed," and Boccaccio tells us that about a year after the death of Beatrice, Dante was married to Gemma Donati, a lady belonging to one of the most powerful families of Tuscany. By her he had several children, among them a daughter, whom he named Beatrice, in memory of his blessed "lady of all gentle memories."

Henry Sewell Stokes, a little-known English poet, wrote this sonnet about the second Beatrice :

"Twas in Ravenna Dante's daughter dwelt,
Under the shadow of St. Stephen's tower,
Poor and forlorn, her name the only dower
From him beside whose tomb she often knelt.
Florence, repenting late, compassion felt,
And thence one day a stranger came with gold,

Which to the nun, so saintly and so cold,
He proffered smiling, while his heart did melt.
No other than Boccaccio brought the gift,
Who as a son revered and loved her sire ;
And when she did her hood all meekly lift
To render grateful answer and retire,
He by the father's portrait knew the child,
And wept, as she returned her thanks and smiled."

PETRARCH.

LIKE Dante, Petrarch loved for many years, with a pure and virtuous affection, one who was the wife of another, and unlike Dante, he remained faithful to the memory of his lady all his life.

At twenty-two years of age, he visited Avignon, and first beheld Laura de Noves, then in her eighteenth year, in the church of the nunnery of St. Claire. Her beauty kindled a flame in the ardent soul of the young poet, which time was powerless to subdue, but which he expressed only in his verse.

Laura married Hugues de Sade, a gentleman of Avignon, and is not known ever to have bestowed on Petrarch any favours exceeding those of self-respecting friendship. He was not a visitor at her home, nor did he see her except at mass, or at the brilliant levees of the pope, yet she for ever remained the controlling influence of his life.

The brilliant author of "An Englishman in Paris" gives us a striking picture of Petrarch's passion in the following lines :

"Love not only led, but followed him everywhere ; love was part of himself. In the sombre forest, by the babbling brook, under the burning sun of Provence, or toward the close of the day, when twilight, calm and serene, seemed to invite sweet reveries, at all hours, in all spots, Laura's lover was always the same. Ever giving the rein to his imagination, he fruitlessly sought in nature a balm for his sufferings ; the still, small voice of his heart brought him back to

the adored image and closed his eyes to the beauty of the landscape, or if, for a moment, it beguiled him into bestowing a more than cursory glance at the valleys stretched at his feet, at the mountains rearing their wooded crowns above him, at the flowery plains, golden with the setting sun, and melting into one with the horizon, at the clouds sailing aloft, in every object he beheld something of Laura. In the amber corn he saw her blond tresses, in the murmur of the rustling leaves he heard the sound of her footsteps ; the low chant of the brook, whose limpid spray kissed the yellow sand, reminded him of the velvety accent of her voice. Often swayed by the illusion, he spoke to Laura as if she were near him, and was surprised that her answer fell not upon his ear. Thus travel, instead of calming, instead of curing him, increased his trouble and agitation. Each morn he left the shelter where he had passed the night ; each morn he took up his pilgrim's

staff ; new horizons unrolled themselves before his eyes ; he chastised, almost broke, his body with fatigue, but could not succeed in driving from his heart the image of the adored one ; until, tired of the perpetual struggle, he began to regret the very air Laura breathed, the paths her foot pressed, the protecting hedges behind which he had hidden himself to watch her beauteous front, the cherry lips which a jealous veil in vain concealed from the eager curiosity of the lover. He even regretted the reproaches, the impatience, the anger he had read in her looks. His sufferings, with which he had taunted Heaven as with so many injustices, now returned to his memory like blissful moments, like hours of delight, for which he should have been grateful ; and he craved pardon of God for having blasphemed, for having misprized his happiness, and heart and mind humbly craved from his Maker a repetition of the torturing ecstasy.

“Such, be it remembered, is the digest, culled from his own compositions, of Petrarch’s intro- and retrospect of his daily martyrdom, varied by beatific, we might say apocalyptic, visions.”

From the many journeys which he made to Italy, to Spain, and to Flanders, he always returned to his home at Vacluse, near Avignon, and to Laura. She died in 1347, during the poet’s absence, but he always cherished her image in his heart and dedicated many lines to her dear memory, long after she had gone from earth.

“Once more, ye balmy gales, I feel ye blow ;
Again, sweet hills, I mark the morning beams
Gild your green summits ; while your silver streams
Through vales of fragrance undulating flow.
But you, ye dreams of bliss, no longer here
Give life and beauty to the glowing scene ;
For stern remembrance stands where you have been,
And blasts the verdure of the blooming year.
O Laura ! Laura ! in the dust with thee,
Would I could find a refuge from despair !



Is this thy boasted triumph, Love, to tear
A heart thy coward malice dares not free;
And bid it live, while every hope is fled,
To weep, among the ashes of the dead?"

In the picture which Brozik has painted of these two famous lovers,—if we may thus class the lady who accepted, but did not requite the homage of the poet,—we are shown a spacious and richly furnished apartment in the château of the popes at Avignon. The seat of the pontifical government had in 1309 been transferred from Rome to Avignon, because of the increasing civic and national dissensions which distracted the Eternal City. Clement VI., a Frenchman, in whose reign Rienzi made his noble, but unavailing, attempt to restore to Rome her ancient republican form of government, was the fourth of the Avignon popes. It is he whom we see standing in the centre of the painting, between Petrarch and the newly elected emperor, Charles IV. Charles, the

son of the blind old king, John of Bohemia, who had fallen fighting valiantly at Crecy, was a generous protector of literature, and founded universities at Vienna and Prague. As a ruler, however, he fell far short of perfection, being too subservient to Clement, and so much occupied in aggrandising himself and his family that he neglected his kingly duties. Charles gained the nickname of the "Pope's Kaiser" because he owed his election as emperor to Clement, who nominated him without consulting the electors, and excommunicated his rival, Louis of Bavaria. Avarice was his chief failing, and he was said to have bought the empire by wholesale, to have held it as a usurer, and to have sold it at retail. It was he who, in 1356, published at Nuremberg the famous "Golden Bull," which was thenceforth the fundamental law of the German Empire. Though he exhibited nothing of the knightly spirit of his father, he was a personable king enough,

and at the time of our picture was about thirty years old, being some three years younger than Petrarch.

Brozik, a Bohemian artist and a pupil of Piloty, has painted several large canvases of a similar type to the "Presentation of Petrarch and Laura," in which a crowd of figures in picturesque costumes are skilfully disposed amid surroundings of a richly decorative nature. He won a second-class medal at the Paris Salon of 1878, with his "Embassy of King Ladislav at the Court of Charles VII. of France," which is now in the National Gallery of Berlin. Another huge and sumptuous work of this nature is his "Columbus at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella," arguing in favour of his proposed voyage in search of a new continent, which was given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, a few years ago, by Mr. Morris K. Jesup. The city of Prague, in whose School of Fine Arts he was once a pupil, owns Brozik's

“Condemnation of John Huss by the Council of Constance, 1415,” and one of his latest achievements, shown at the Salon of 1900, is the “Proclamation of George Podiebrad as King of Bohemia, 1457.”

BOCCACCIO.

“FROM Dante through Petrarch to Boccaccio, from Beatrice through Laura to La Fiammetta, — from woman as an allegory of the noblest thoughts and purest strivings of the soul, through woman as the symbol of all beauty, worshipped at a distance, to woman as man’s lover, kindling and reciprocating passionate desire,” writes Symonds, and this is the path we have followed.

Boccaccio’s Fiammetta (“Fiammetta” is an affectionate epithet meaning “little flame”) was in reality Maria d’Aquino, who is supposed to have been a natural daughter of

Robert of Anjou, King of Naples. Like Laura, she was married (in this case we know not who her husband was), and Boccaccio, like Petrarch, first saw his love in church,—that of San Lorenzo at Naples, on the morning of an Easter eve. Although we have scarcely any reliable information as to the actual relations between Boccaccio and his lady, there is no doubt that she wielded a powerful influence upon his mind and heart. “She certainly inspired him to compose the principal Italian works of his early manhood. . . . Even in his masterpiece, the “Decameron,” composed when her influence was clearly on the wane, he pays her homage. In fact, he chose her for his Muse, as poets in those days were wont to choose one lady around whose image they allowed their thoughts and sentiments to crystallise until the vision became for them something between a reality and an ideal.”

This beautiful sonnet, which Boccaccio

addressed to Fiammetta, Dante Gabriel Rossetti has translated :

“Round her red garland and her golden hair
I saw a fire about Fiammetta’s head;
Thence to a little cloud I watch’d it fade,
Than silver or than gold more brightly fair;
And like a pearl that a gold ring doth bear,
Even so an angel sat therein, who sped
Alone and glorious throughout heaven, array’d
In sapphires and in gold that lit the air;
Then I rejoiced as hoping happy things,
Who rather should have then discern’d how God
Had haste to make my lady all his own,
Even as it came to pass. And with these stings
Of sorrow and with life’s most weary load
I dwell, who fain would be where she is gone.”

Rossetti says: “There is nothing that gives Boccaccio greater claim to our regard than the enthusiastic reverence with which he loved to dwell on the ‘Commedia’ and on the memory of Dante, who died when he was seven years old. This is amply proved by his ‘Life of the Poet and Com-

mentary on the Poem,' as well as by other passages in his writings, both in prose and poetry."

In 1373, when Boccaccio was sixty years old, some citizens of Florence obtained permission from the government to found a chair for the public reading and exposition of the "Divine Comedy," and Boccaccio was appointed the first reader. He began to lecture in the church of San Stefano on October 23d and occupied the professorship until the spring of 1375.

We quote here his sonnet upon Dante :

‘Dante am I, — Minerva’s son, who knew
With skill and genius (though in style obscure)
And elegance maternal to mature
My toil, a miracle to mortal view.
Through realms tartarean and celestial flew
My lofty fancy, swift-winged and secure :
And ever shall my noble work endure,
Fit to be read of men, and angels too.
Florence my earthly mother’s glorious name :
Step-dame to me, — whom from her side she
thrust,

Her duteous son : bear slanderous tongues the
blame :

Ravenna housed my exile, holds my dust :
My spirit is with Him from whom it came, —
A Parent envy cannot make unjust."

Boccaccio, the great prose-writer of "the three founders of modern literature," all of whom were Florentines, not only revered Dante, but his most intimate friend was Petrarch, to whom in 1359 he sent a copy of the "Divine Comedy" transcribed with his own hand. The news of Petrarch's death was a severe blow to him, and it was but a few months ere he followed his old friend upon that journey from which none return.

Symonds says : "The author of the 'Decameron' was one of the most brilliant storytellers whom the world has seen ; and telling stories formed a favourite pastime with gentlemen and women of the fourteenth century." It being remembered that Boccaccio died



Boccaccio.
From painting by A. Cassioli.



long before the invention of printing, it will readily be seen that Signor Cassioli, the distinguished Italian painter, has full warrant for representing him as telling a merry tale to a company of delighted listeners in some noble house.

Cassioli was a historical painter whose life lay between the years 1838 and 1891, and who was a professor in the Florence Academy of Fine Arts. He painted numerous historical works, but is probably better known to the general public by his picture of "Mary Stuart and Rizzio," and of "Francesca da Rimini," and by this one of Boccaccio entrancing an admiring audience, with whom the great novelist smiles in sympathy.

TASSO.

Two strongly contrasted scenes from the life of Tasso are familiar to us, and it is seldom that we see one represented without

recalling the other. In the first the poet, still young but of wide renown, is a gentleman of the household at the brilliant court of his patron, Alphonso II. of Este, at Ferrara. In high favour with the duke, he is also honoured by the intimate acquaintance of the two unmarried sisters of Alphonso, the beautiful and accomplished Princesses Lucrezia and Leonora, and recites to them upon completion the successive cantos of his great epic poem of "Jerusalem Delivered" and other productions of his muse. Legend, in this case with some historic foundation, asserts that the poet nourished an ardent passion for the Princess Leonora.

The second scene shows us the unhappy Tasso confined as a madman in a cell, in the hospital of St. Anna, where he was kept a prisoner for seven years, the beautiful Leonora dying in the second year of his imprisonment.

From his gloomy madhouse the high-souled poet addressed some most moving appeals to the princes whose favour had been bestowed on him in happier days.

“Oh, miserable that I am,” he breaks out in a letter to Scipio Gonzaga, “I had designed to write two epic poems of most noble and glorious argument, four tragedies, of which I had already formed the plan, and many works in prose, on subjects of highest beauty and greatest advantage to human life: and so to unite eloquence with philosophy as to leave of myself an eternal memory in the world, and I had set before myself a most exalted measure of glory and honour. But now, oppressed beneath the weight of such intolerable calamities, I abandon every thought of glory and honour, and most happy should I count myself if, without suspicion, I could only allay the thirst by which I am continually tormented; and if, as one of the ordinary race of men,

I could in some poor cot spend my life in liberty; if not sane, which I cannot more be, yet at least no more in such agonising weakness; if not honoured, yet at least not abhorred; if not with the rights of men, yet at least with those of brutes, who in the rivers and the fountains can freely quench their thirst, with which (and it eases me to reëcho it) I am all on fire. Nor do I now so much fear the greatness of my anguish as its continuance, which ever presents itself horribly before my mind, especially as I feel that in such a state I am unfit to write or labour. And the dread of endless imprisonment fearfully increases my misery, and the indignity to which I must submit increases it, and the foulness of my beard, and my hair, and my dress, and the filth, and the damp, annoy me; and, above all, the solitude afflicts me, my cruel and natural enemy, by which, even in my prosperity, I was often

so troubled, that in unseasonable hours I would go and seek or find society."

Another touching cry for aid is the following :

TO THE PRINCESSES OF FERRARA.

"Fair daughters of *Rénée* ! my song
Is not of pride and ire,
Fraternal discord, hate, and wrong,
Burning in life and death so strong,
From rule's accurst desire,
That even the flames divided long
Upon their funeral pyre.
But you I sing, of royal birth,
Nursed on one breast like them ;
Two flowers, both lovely, blooming forth
From the same parent stem, —
Cherished by heaven, beloved by earth,
Of each a treasured gem !

"To you I speak in whom we see
With wondrous concord blend
Sense, worth, fame, beauty, modesty,
Imploring you to lend
Compassion to the misery
And sufferings of your friend.

The memory of years gone by,
O, let me in your hearts renew, —
The scenes, the thoughts, o'er which I sigh,
The happy days I spent with you, —
And what I was, and why secluded;
Whom did I trust, and who deluded?

“ Daughters of heroes and of kings,
Allow me to recall
These and a thousand other things, —
Sad, sweet, and mournful all!
From me few words, more tears, grief wrings, —
Tears burning as they fall.
For royal halls and festive bowers,
Where, nobly serving, I
Shared and beguiled your private hours,
Studies and sports I sigh;
And lyre, and trump, and wreathed flowers;
Nay, more, for freedom, health, applause,
And even humanity's lost laws!

“ Why am I chased from human kind?
What Circe in the lair
Of brutes thus keeps me spell-confined?
Nests have the birds of air,
The very beasts in caverns find
Shelter and rest, and share
At least kind nature's gifts and laws,







For each his food and water draws
From wood and fountain, where
Wholesome and pure and safe it was
Furnished by Heaven's own care;
And all is bright and blest, because
Freedom and health are there !

“ I merit punishment, I own ;
I erred, I must confess it ; yet
The fault was in the tongue alone,
The heart is true. Forgive ! Forget !
I beg for mercy, and my woes
May claim with pity to be heard ;
If to my prayers your ears you close,
Where can I hope for one kind word
In my extremity of ill ?
And if the pang of hope deferred
Arise from discord in your will,
For me must be revived again
The fate of Metius and the pain.

“ I pray you, then ; renew for me
The charm that made you doubly fair,
In sweet and virtuous harmony
Urging, resistlessly, my prayer ;
With him for whose loved sake, I swear,
I more lament my fault than pains,
Strange and unheard of as they are.”

The artist, Ferdinand Barth, who has painted our picture of Tasso, is a German, and was a pupil of the famous Piloty. His most noted picture is one depicting the casket scene from "The Merchant of Venice," but his "Paganini in Prison" is also a work worthy of regard.

CHAU CER.

JOHN OF GAUNT, the fourth son of Edward the Third and the good Queen Philippa of Hainault, was the firm friend and patron of two great Englishmen, — John Wyclif, the first translator of the Bible into English, and Geoffrey Chaucer, "the morning star of English poetry." John, called of "Gaunt" because he was born at Ghent, in Flanders, which the common people so pronounced, married Blanche, daughter of the Duke of Lancaster, through whom that title later came to John. At her decease, Chaucer

wrote his poem on "The Dethe of Blaunche the Duchesse." John of Gaunt's second matrimonial alliance was with Constance, a princess of Spain, after whose death he espoused Catherine Swynford, the sister of Chaucer's wife, who was one of the ladies-in-waiting of Queen Philippa, was named Philippa, and was, probably, herself a native of Hainault.

Chaucer held office of one kind or another under three kings, Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., and was several times sent abroad on diplomatic missions. On one of these occasions he spent some time in Italy, and is thought to have met Petrarch.

Ford Madox Brown, a Pre-Raphaelite painter, though never actually a member of the famous Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and an artist too little known in the United States, sent to the Royal Academy, in 1851, a painting which he named "Chaucer at the Court of Edward III."

This remarkable work was purchased a number of years later for the National Art Gallery of New South Wales, at Sydney, where it now hangs, and recalls to the Colonial or the visitor from England's shore two of her ancient glories — a brightening one of letters and a fading one of arms — in its presentment of Chaucer and of the Black Prince.

Our description of the picture is based upon the painter's own words in the catalogue of his pictures exhibited in London in 1865. The poet is supposed to be reading these lines from the "Legend of Custance," told by the man of law in the "Canterbury Tales :"

"Hire litel child lay weping on hire arm,
And kneeling pitously to him she said,
Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee no harm.
With that hire coverchief of hire hed she braid
And over his litel eyen she it laid,
And in hire arme she lulleth it ful fast,
And unto the heven hire eyen up she cast."

and movement with the two women's
 passing in and out of the room. The
 scene is a masterpiece of Chaucer's
 style, and the women's words are
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Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.

From painting by Ford Madox Brown.

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 words are full of the charm of
 Chaucer's language.



John of Gaunt, in armour and richly blazoned tabard, stands next to Chaucer, and beneath a stately Gothic canopy sits Edward III. His queen, the good Philippa, is dead, and the bold-faced lady on his right is Alice Perrers, who had been attached to her train, and for whom the old king evinced a foolish passion, — “a cause of scandal to the court, such as, repeating itself at intervals in history with remarkable similarity from David downward, seems to argue that the untimely death of a hero may not be altogether so deplorable an event.” The historians say that this mercenary favourite took the very ring from Edward’s finger as he lay dying, and left him to be pillaged by his faithless servants. The fair lady on the king’s left hand, who wears a coronet, is Joan, called the “Fair Maid of Kent,” only daughter of Edward of Woodstock, Earl of Kent. She was a widow when she married her cousin, Edward the Black Prince, by whom she became the mother of

Richard II., who is seen in the picture as a child at her knee. "There had been much opposition to their union, but the prince ultimately had his own way." The hero of Crecy and Poitiers, supposed to be in his last illness and much emaciated, leans on his wife's lap and listens intently to the poet's lines.

Seated beneath these royalties are various personages suited to the time and place. By the fountain a young troubadour from the south of France, half jealous and half admiring, looks up to Chaucer; on his left two ladies listen to an ecclesiastic, who points mockingly to the jester, forgetting his part in rapt attention to the reader; next him two dilettante courtiers are learnedly criticising, the one in the hood being meant for the poet Gower, Chaucer's friend. Lastly, on the left, a youthful squire whispers soft words to his mistress.

Chaucer thus describes him :

“ . . . a youngé Squire,
A lover and a lusty bacholer,
With lockés crull, as they were laid in press,
Of twenty year of age he was I guess.
Of his stature he was of even length,
And wonderly deliver and great of strength ;
And he had been some time in Chevachie,
In Flandres, in Artois, and in Picardy,
And borne him well, as of so little space,
In hope to standen in his lady's grace.
Embroidered was he, as it were a mead
All full of freshé flowers white and red.
Singing he was or fluting all the day.
He was as fresh as is the month of May,
Short was his gown, with sleevés long and wide ;
Well could he sit on horse, and fairé ride.
He couldé songés well make, and indite,
Joust, and eke dance, and well pourtray and write.
So hot he lovéd, that by nightertale
He slept no more than doth the nightingale.
Courteous he was, lowly and serviceable,
And carved before his father at the table.”

Many other minor characters are introduced, and there is a wealth of detail which

escapes the eye in our necessarily small reproduction. Sitting on the ground being common in those days, rushes were strewn to prevent the gentlemen from spoiling their fine clothes.

The head of Chaucer was studied from the poet-painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and that of the troubadour is a portrait of his brother, William Michael Rossetti, distinguished as a writer and critic, who married one of the artist's daughters.

Ford Madox Brown died in 1893, having passed three score years and ten, after a life of hard and high-aimed work, but illy repaid in wealth or fame. The National Gallery owns his picture of "Christ Washing Peter's Feet," presented soon after his death by a number of friends and admirers; "Elijah and the Widow's Son" is in the South Kensington Museum; Birmingham has that pathetic page of life which the artist called "The Last of England," and Manchester

the Carlylean "Work," in which is introduced the figure of the "Sage of Chelsea." The great cotton city also possesses, in her noble town hall, Madox Brown's striking series of wall paintings, illustrating the history of Manchester, the work of the last years of this strong and original master.

MORE.

OF all the great ones whose lives were cut short on Tower Hill by the headsman's axe, few, if any, are more worthy of our reverence than Sir Thomas More, who met death there in 1535. Once Lord High Chancellor of England, he suffered because his conscience forbade him to acknowledge the validity of Henry's marriage to Anne Bullen, or to recognise the king's supremacy as head of the Church.

Apart from his connection with Henry VIII., More is better known to-day through

his friendship with Erasmus and Holbein than by his writings. Of these, the most famous is the political romance of "Utopia," which describes an imaginary island where everything — laws, politics, morals, institutions, and so on — is perfect.

A singularly happy man in his home-life was More, and deeply attached to his children. He had but one son, John, but rejoiced in three daughters, of whom his favourite was the eldest, Margaret, noted for learning and virtue, and who resembled her father most in looks as well as in mind. She married William Roper, "a man of good fortune and blameless morals, and with an inclination to learning," who wrote an invaluable biography of Sir Thomas. In it he describes the episode which the artist has painted of More and his daughter in prison. Roper says :

"Sir Thomas More being now prisoner in the Tower, and one daye looking forth at his





window, saw a father of Syon and three monkes going out of the Tower to execution, for that they had refused the oath of supremacy; whereupō, he, languishing it were with desire to beare them company, said unto his daughter Roper, then present, ‘ Looke, Megge, doest thou not see that these blessed fathers be now going as cheerfully to theyr deathes as bridegrooms to theyr marriage? by which thou mayst see (myne owne good daughter) what a great difference there is between such as have spent all theyr dayes in a religious, hard, and penitential life, and such as have in this world like wretches (as thy poore father here hath done) consumed all theyr tyme in pleasure and ease.’ ”

After Sir Thomas More’s trial, “as he came to Tower wharf, his dearest daughter, Margaret, pushed her way through the sympathetic crowd and past the guard which surrounded him, and flung herself into his arms, not able to say any word but ‘ Oh, my

father ! Oh, my father !' He was still calm enough to give her his blessing 'and many goodly words of comfort.' 'Take patience, Margaret,' he said, 'and do not grieve. God has willed it so. For many years didst thou know the secret of my heart.' They had already parted once, when she ran back and threw her arms around him. 'Whereat he spoke not a word, but carrying still his gravity, tears fell from his eyes : yea, there were very few in all the group who could refrain thereat from weeping, no, not the guard themselves.' "

More's latest biographer, Hutton, states that no certain record of his burial is preserved, and it is not positively known whether his body lies in the chapel of the Tower, or in the old parish church in Chelsea, where he worshipped. According to the barbarous usage of the time, his head was set upon a pole on London Bridge, from whence tradition says his daughter Margaret recovered

it, and carefully preserved it until her death, in 1544, when it was buried with her at Chelsea.

In his "Dream of Fair Women," Tennyson refers to this legend of Margaret More, when he speaks of

"Her, who clasp'd in her last trance,
Her murdered father's head."

John Rogers Herbert, the English Royal Academician who painted "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter," which is in the National Gallery, died an octogenarian in 1890. During his long life he produced many pictures, including the "Brides of Venice" and "St. Gregory Teaching his Chant." He often essayed religious themes, among which should be mentioned the fresco in the Houses of Parliament, representing "Moses Bringing the Tables of the Law from Sinai to the Israelites."

SHAKESPEARE.

ONE of the most persistent traditions relating to the Bard of Avon is that which accuses him of being at least once in his lifetime a poacher. The story goes that, when Shakespeare was about twenty-one, he, in company with some other wild young men, made a midnight raid on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy, at Charlecote Park, near Stratford, in search of deer, and that the poet was so unfortunate as to be captured by the keepers, while his companions escaped. In the morning he was brought before the worshipful Sir Thomas for examination and punishment, but the legend is wholly silent as to what penalty was inflicted upon him. Whatever this may have been, Shakespeare revenged himself by writing a stinging pasquinade in rhyme, and affixing it to the park gate at Charlecote. The persecutions which

SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare before Sir Thomas Lucy.

From painting by Thomas Brooks.



thereafter followed the poet at Sir Thomas's hands hastened, tradition asserts, the departure of Shakespeare from Stratford to London, whither he betook himself the following year, in 1586.

However much or little truth lies within this legend, it is certain that the poet had Sir Thomas Lucy in mind when he drew the unflattering picture of the country magistrate, Justice Shallow, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the Second Part of "King Henry IV." This is proven by the allusion to the family arms of the Lucys, who bore upon their shield three luces (or full-grown pikes). The first words in the "Merry Wives" are spoken by Shallow, conversing with Slender and Sir Hugh Evans. He says :

"Sir Hugh, persuade me not ; I will make a Star-chamber matter of it : if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slender. In the County of Gloster, justice of peace and *coram*.

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum*.

Slender. Ay, and *ratolorum* too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *armigero*.

Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors, gone before him, hath done 't; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.

Shallow. It is an old coat."

In "Henry IV." Shakespeare gives an inimitably lifelike picture of an old man bragging of the exploits of his lusty youth. Shallow begins:

"I was once of Clement's inn, where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Silent. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shallow. By the mass, I was called anything ; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man ; you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the inns of court again. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Silent. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

Shallow. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's inn. Jesu ! Jesu ! the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead !

Silent. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shallow. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die."

In justice to Sir Thomas, the Squire of Charlecote, who seems, as a Puritan magistrate, to have sometimes annoyed the poet's parents about matters of religious observance, we must quote the epitaph he wrote upon his wife, who died five years before him :

"Here entombed lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy, wife of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, in the County of Warwick, Knight, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Acton, of Sutton, in the County of Worcester, Esquier, who departed out of this wretched world to her heavenly kingdome the tenth day of February, in the year of our Lord God 1595, of her age LX and three. All the time of her life a true and faithfull servant of her good

God, never detected of any crime or vice ; in religion most sound ; in love to her husband most faithfull and true ; in friendship most constant ; to what was in trust committed to her most secret ; in wisdom excelling ; in governing of her house and bringing up of youth in feare of God that did converse with her, most rare and singular. A great maintainer of hospitality ; greatly esteemed of her betters ; misliked of none unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue, as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled by any. As she lived most virtuously, so she died most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true.

THOMAS LUCY."

This touching tribute stands upon a marble slab set in the wall of Charlecote Church above the tomb whereon lie life-size effigies of the faithful pair, carved in alabaster, she

in the dress of a lady of the Elizabethan period, and he in armour, both with hands clasped in prayer.

One of the numberless anecdotes about Shakespeare, of whom we know so little that can be actually proven, says that Queen Elizabeth was so charmed with his conception of the character of Falstaff, as shown in "Henry IV.," that she commanded the author to represent him in one play more, and to show him in love, and the result of this royal behest was seen in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Whether this tale be authentic or not, we know that both "Good Queen Bess" and her successor, James I., were lovers of Shakespeare's plays, and frequently ordered them to be presented before them, on some of which occasions it is probable that the poet himself acted one of his own parts. He may also at some time have read from one or other of his works before Elizabeth.

Shakespeare Reading before Queen Elizabeth.

From painting by Eduard Ender.



Walter quotes the following anecdote: "He was personating on one occasion the character of a king in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, at Richmond, who, in walking across the stage, the honoured place in those days for the higher portion of the audience, dropped her glove as she passed close to the poet. No notice was taken by him of the incident; and the queen, desirous of knowing whether this procedure was the result of mere inadvertence, or a determination to preserve the consistency of his part, moved again toward him and again let her glove fall. Shakespeare stooped down to pick it up, saying, in the character of the monarch he was personating:

" 'And though now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove.'

"He then retired from the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who is reported to have been highly pleased."

“The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,”

said old Polonius to Laertes, and the writer of those lines had among his friends some of the most eminent men of his time. These genial and congenial spirits often met at the famous old Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside, and formed a group such as John Faed has imagined in his picture of “Shakespeare and his Contemporaries.”

The persons who comprise the upper group of three on the left hand of the picture are “Silver-tongued Sylvester,” the translator of Du Bartas and assistant of King James in the “Counterblast to Tobacco;” Camden, the traveller and author of “Britannia;” and Dorset, Lord High Treasurer, author of “Gorboduc” and part author of the “Mirror for Magistrates.” Below them we see “the learned” John Selden, who wrote “Table Talk,” and at his right hand sit Beaumont and Fletcher, the famous dramatists.

Shakespeare and His Contemporaries.

From painting by John Faed.



Beaumont, in his poetical "Letter to Ben Jonson," wrote those oft-quoted lines :

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtile flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

Next to Fletcher is Lord Bacon (wearing his hat), "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind;" and then comes Ben Jonson, "Rare Ben," sitting next to Shakespeare, the two close friends together. In the verses prefixed to the folio of 1623, Jonson apostrophises him as "My Shakespeare." James Russell Lowell says :

" 'My Shakespeare,' Milton called him, echoing Ben ;
' My Shakespeare,' he to all the sons of men."

Old Thomas Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," speaks of the combats of wit between "Rare Ben" and "Gentle Will,"

comparing them to "a Spanish galleon and an English man-of-war : Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning ; solid but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention."

Nearly hidden behind the head of Jonson is that of Daniel, who wrote a history of the wars of York and Lancaster, and the face seen just above Shakespeare's is that of John Donne, poet and preacher, who died Dean of St. Paul's. Brave Sir Walter Raleigh stands by Shakespeare's side, and leans on the shoulder of Henry Wriothsley, Earl of Southampton, the friend and patron of our poet, who dedicated to him his "Venus and Adonis" and "Rape of Lucrece." Below him sits Cotton, founder of the Cottonian Library, now in the British Museum, and

beside Cotton is Thomas Dekker, the playwright, who completes this group of the men who added so much to the glory of

“The spacious times of great Elizabeth.”

The painter of this scene, John Faed, a Scotch artist, is hardly as well known as his brother Thomas, whose pictures of homely rural life, such as “The Mitherless Bairn” and “My Ain Fireside,” have been so deservedly popular. John Faed has inclined more to the production of historical works, as, for instance, “Catherine Seyton,” “The Morning before Flodden,” “Blenheim,” and “Washington at Trenton.” A third artist-brother, James Faed, engraved the picture of “Shakespeare and his Contemporaries,” and the plate was dedicated to Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the benevolent American banker, who owned the original painting, now forming part of the collection of pictures in the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington.

WALTON.

At least two of Shakespeare's friends, men whom the artist has shown in the group of "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries,"—Ben Jonson and Doctor Donne, were also friends of gentle Izaak Walton, the "Father of Angling."

One writer points out that we know little more about much of Walton's life than we do of Shakespeare's. Both were natives of the Midlands, Walton having first seen the light in 1593, in Stafford, a town less than fifty miles, as the crow flies, from Stratford-on-Avon. Of his parents, very little knowledge exists ; of his education, none. He seems to have got to London when about twenty, and it is known that he was in business there, later, as a linen draper, and that he had a shop in Fleet Street. He retired from trade when he was about fifty, and spent the rest

of his life at Stafford, or in Winchester, where he died in 1683, and lies buried in the Cathedral. Walton, at one time or another, wrote excellent biographies of Doctor Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson, but his long life of ninety years produced no other such book as the "Compleat Angler," first published in 1653, the year that saw the dissolution of the Long Parliament, Walton being then sixty years old.

In 1676 appeared the fifth edition of the book, with an addition on fly fishing, by Charles Cotton, a brother angler and adopted son of Walton's. Walton was himself a bait-fisher, and had but little proficiency in angling with a fly.

Cotton, an ardent Royalist, like old Izaak, who had been a friend of his father's, was born in 1630, and died in 1687. He was the son of a gentleman, had travelled on the Continent when young, and had classical attainments,

but no profession, preferring literary pursuits. A brilliant and versatile genius, and what is better still, one who is described as "cheerful in adversity," loyal to his friends, kind to the poor, and a devoted husband, handsome in person, sometimes improvident, a lover of good company, a poet and the friend of poets, such as Lovelace and Suckling, Cotton must have been the beau-ideal of a Cavalier. He wrote a burlesque poem called "Scarronides," "Lucian Burlesqued," and a "Voyage to Ireland in Burlesque," among other things, and several translations, the best being one of Montaigne's essays, which has been called "a masterpiece of that kind." He was skilled in horticulture as well as in angling.

In the same year that the "Compleat Angler," with Cotton's treatise, was issued, he built the famous fishing-house on the Dove, on which his initials are blended with those of his friend Walton. "In him," says Cotton, "I have the happiness to know the

worthiest man, and to enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had." "So the two friends became closely linked together in a renown that will last while rivers run."

Andrew Lang, himself a lover of fishing, says of the "*Compleat Angler*:" "The charm of peace, content, good-will to men; the love of green old England, where still the milkmaids sang, despite religious and political revolution, inform that delightful work, which is like a fragrant flower in the sternest chapter of English history."

Let us read one or two extracts culled from its pages.

Here is Piscator's argument that angling is an art :

"Oh, Sir, doubt not but that Angling is an art ; is it not an art to deceive a Trout with an artificial Fly ? a Trout ! that is more sharp-sighted than any Hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous

than your high-mettled Merlin is bold? and yet, I doubt not to catch a brace or two to-morrow, for a friend's breakfast: doubt not, therefore, Sir, but that angling is an art, and an art worth your learning. The question is rather, whether you are capable of learning it? for angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so; I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler must not only bring an enquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but, having once got and practised it, then doubt not but angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be, like virtue, a reward to itself."

And here he shows how fishermen were found deserving of the favour of the Lord: "And, doubtless, this made the prophet David say, 'They that occupy themselves in

deep waters, see the wonderful works of God : ' indeed such wonders, and pleasures too, as the land affords not. And that they be fit for the contemplation of the most prudent, and pious, and peaceable men, seems to be testified by the practice of so many devout and contemplative men, as the Patriarchs and Prophets of old ; and of the Apostles of our Saviour in our latter times, of which twelve, we are sure, he chose four that were simple fishermen, whom he inspired, and sent to publish his blessed will to the Gentiles ; and inspired them also with a power to speak all languages, and by their powerful eloquence to beget faith in the unbelieving Jews ; and themselves to suffer for that Saviour, whom their forefathers and they had crucified ; and, in their sufferings, to preach freedom from the incumbrances of the law, and a new way to everlasting life ; this was the employment of these happy fishermen. Concerning which choice, some have made these observations :

“First, that he never reprov'd these, for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and the Money-changers. And, secondly, he found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness ; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as indeed most Anglers are : these men our blessed Saviour, who is observed to love to plant grace in good natures, though indeed nothing be too hard for him, yet these men he chose to call from their irreprovable employment of fishing, and gave them grace to be his disciples, and to follow him, and do wonders ; I say four of twelve.

“And it is observable, that it was our Saviour's will that these four fishermen should have a priority of nomination in the catalogue of his twelve Apostles, as namely, first St. Peter, St. Andrew, St. James, and St. John ; and, then, the rest in their order.

“And it is yet more observable, that when

our blessed Saviour went up into the mount, when he left the rest of his disciples, and chose only three to bear him company at his Transfiguration, that those three were all fishermen."

Hear the

"ANGLER'S SONG."

"Man's life is but vain; for 'tis subject to pain,
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;
'Tis a hodge-podge of business, and money, and
care,
And care, and money, and trouble.

"But we'll take no care when the weather proves
fair;
Nor will we vex now though it rain;
We'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow,
And angle, and angle again."

And our last quotation shall be Walton's benediction, which he fitly puts at the very end of his book.

"And so, let everything that hath breath praise the Lord; and let the blessing of St.

Peter's Master be with mine. And upon all that are lovers of virtue ; and dare trust in his providence ; and be quiet ; and go a Angling."

Mr. Sadler, in his admirable picture of Walton and his pupil, gives us the two friends just as one may fairly imagine them to have been, — Cotton with his long love-locks and lace ruffles, brave in fine clothes, learning from his beloved master. Thus they sit

"Beneath the spreading tree
In ease and jollity,
And summer weather ;
Having no other wish
Then thus to calmly fish
And talk together."

The artist is an Englishman, who in the earlier part of his career made himself peculiarly the painter to delight anglers by many good pictures of fish and fishermen, — sometimes a mediæval monk who has landed a finny prize, or a tableful of friars discussing





a big salmon, and then a line of modern anglers on a river-bank indulging in a fishing-match, or the like. Of late years, though, Mr. Sadler has changed his note, and paints with equal acceptance pages of life wherein sentiment and humour are pleasantly mingled,—a “Darby and Joan” toasting each other over their walnuts and wine, old, but tender and loving still; or an attractive widow, with some gallant old beaux dangling after her; and scenes reminiscent of the days of stage-coaches, of country taverns and “Mine host,” of old-fashioned gardens and old-fashioned lovers.

As we recall them, we cannot but say that Walter Dendy Sadler well deserves the success he has won.

MILTON.

SHAKESPEARE died when Milton was but seven years old, but they are in a special manner connected through the noble tribute to the great dramatist which the great poet wrote in 1630, and which was prefixed to the folio of 1632.

“ What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in pilèd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a stary-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.”

But the Englishman with whom John Milton is most associated in our minds is Oliver Cromwell, whose secretary he was, and the mouthpiece of those words which did so much for religious liberty and so much to make the name of England respected abroad as never before. Of Cromwell Milton wrote, some twenty years after penning his homage to the Bard of Avon :

“Cromwell, our chief of men, who, through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd fortune proud
Hast reared God’s trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester’s laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still; peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war; new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains;
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.”

David Neal, in the picture to which he gave the name of "Mr. Oliver Cromwell of Ely visits Mr. John Milton," has brought these two together at a time before the climax of their careers,—when Milton still saw, and Cromwell had not assumed control of England. The poet sits at the organ, and the future Protector, who has entered the room unseen by Milton, listens to the music he is evoking,—perhaps some air by the poet's friend, Henry Lawes, the composer, who wrote the music for the songs in "Comus," and to whom Milton addressed one of his sonnets.

The painting of Cromwell visiting Milton was completed in 1883, and, after being exhibited in Germany, and England, was brought to this country. Its author was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1838, and worked as a draughtsman in San Francisco for several years, but most of his life since early manhood has been spent in Munich,



Mr. Oliver Cromwell of Ely Visits Mr. John Milton.
From painting by David Neal.



whither he went in 1861 to study art. At first he received instruction from the late Chevalier Ainmuller, a distinguished artist in glass painting, whose daughter he afterward married, but later he became a pupil of Piloty. He painted numerous portraits and ideal heads, and several interiors from St. Mark's and Westminster Abbey, and at the Royal Academy of 1874 his picture of "James Watt" was bought by the then Lord Mayor of London, Sir Benjamin Phillips. His best known work is the "First Meeting of Mary Stuart and Rizzio," painted in 1876, which gained the gold medal of the Bavarian Royal Academy, and has been widely exhibited and much reproduced. It found a purchaser in a well-known American, Mr. D. O. Mills, then of San Francisco.

Milton's blindness, which had been for a long time growing, became total in 1652. Professor Masson, in his truly monumental work on Milton, quotes from the poet's

“Second Defence for the English People,” written in reply to an anonymous libel published in London in 1654, under the title of “Cry of the King’s Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides.” In the “Second Defence,” whose author called himself “John Milton, Englishman,” Milton speaks at some length of being upbraided by his enemies with his personal appearance and blindness. He says:

“I wish I could gainsay my brutal adversary in like manner as to the fact of my blindness; but I cannot, and must therefore bear that reproach. It is not miserable to be blind; the misery would be in not being able to bear blindness. But why should not I bear that which every one ought to be prepared to bear in some tolerable manner if it should happen to him, that which may happen too in the natural course of things to any human being alive, and has happened, as I know,

to some of the best men known in history. (Here an enumeration of some of the most illustrious blind persons of history or legend, — Tiresias, Phineus, Timoleon of Corinth, Appius Claudius, Cæcilius Metellus, the Venetian Dandolo, the Bohemian Ziska, the theologian Jerome Zanchius, the Patriarch Isaac, perhaps also the Patriarch Jacob; ending with a reference to the man blind from birth whom Christ cured, and whose blindness, as Christ declared, was not owing to any sin of his or any sins of his parents.) . . . As for me, I call thee to witness, O God, the searcher of the inmost heart and of all thoughts of men, that, though I have often and with all my ability inquired into this very matter seriously with myself, and explored all the recesses of my life in the search, I am at this moment conscious to myself of no action of mine, either recent or long past, the atrocity of which can have caused for me, more than others, or de-

servedly brought upon me, this calamity. As to what I have at any time written (since the Royalists think I am now suffering retribution on that account, and make their boast accordingly), I call God likewise to witness that I never wrote anything of which I was not at the time persuaded, and of which I am not still persuaded, that it was right, true, and pleasing to God, and that I did it not from any prompting of ambition, gain, or glory, but solely for reasons of duty, honour, and loyalty to my country, nor for the liberation of the State only, but also and more especially for the liberation of the Church. (Here occurs the statement that his blindness had been brought on, or hastened, by his deliberate perseverance in his "Defensio Prima pro Populo Anglicano" in spite of the warning of his physicians.) . . . Let the calumniators of God's judgments . . . be assured that I neither regret my lot nor

am ashamed of it, that I remain unmoved and fixed in my opinion, that I neither feel nor believe myself an object of God's anger, but actually experience and acknowledge his fatherly mercy and kindness to me in all matters of greatest moment. . . . God, the less we are able to behold anything else than himself, deigns on that very account to regard us the more tenderly and kindly. . . . To all this I add that my friends also cherish me, study my wants, favour me with their society, more assiduously even than before, and that there are some from whose lips I can hear, in my walks, those words of true friendship spoken by Pylades to Orestes, and by Theseus to Hercules. . . . Moreover, the highest men also in the Commonwealth, inasmuch as they know that it was not in the midst of sluggish ease, but in my full activity, and when I was among the foremost in incurring all hazards for liberty, that my eye-

sight deserted me, do not themselves desert me; but reflecting on the chances of human life, they favour me, indulge me, as one who has served out his time, grant me vacation and rest. If I have any honourable distinction, they do not strip me of it; if any public office, they do not take it away; if any emolument therefrom, they do not reduce it, — kindly judging that, though I am not so useful now as I have been, the provision for me ought not to be less; in short, treating me with as much honour as if, according to the custom of the Athenians of old, they had decreed me public support for my life in the Prytaneum."

The great epic of "Paradise Lost," published in 1667, was the labour of Milton's blind years, the whole work having been dictated to his daughters. Of these, he had three, all the children of his first wife, Mary Powell. Anne, born in 1646, was the oldest, and then came Mary, and lastly, Deborah.



Milton Dictating "Paradise Lost" to His Daughters.

From painting by Michael Munkacsy.



Milton's only son, John, died when but an infant, in 1652, the year of his father's complete loss of sight, and the year also of his mother's death.

In Munkacsy's famous painting of "Milton Dictating *Paradise Lost* to his Daughters," the youngest is seen working at her embroidery, next her stands Mary, and the oldest child is bending forward to catch more surely the precious syllables falling from the lips of the blind poet. This striking canvas was first shown to the public at the Paris Exposition of 1878, where it gained for its author the signal distinction of the Medal of Honour, and an assured fame. It was purchased by an American, Mr. Robert Lenox Kennedy, of New York, who presented it to the Lenox Library of that city.

Michael Munkacsy's life was one of many vicissitudes. Born in Hungary, in 1846, he lost both parents while very young, and was adopted by an aunt. This kindly relative

was, however, soon after murdered by thieves who broke into her house at night and stole everything, leaving the little Michael again desolate. He was then befriended by an uncle, who unfortunately lost his property, and this made it necessary for young Munkacsy to seek work ; so he became a joiner's apprentice and in time a journeyman, and worked hard and long. A taste for drawing showed itself in him, and he found his vocation to be that of an artist. After many struggles and privations, he was enabled to study under Knaus at Dusseldorf, and finally won success with the "Last Day of the Condemned," which he sent to the Paris Salon of 1870, and which was bought by an American, Mr. Wilstach, of Philadelphia. Eight years later the "Milton" appeared, and then came the world-famed "Christ before Pilate" and "Christ on Calvary," the "Mozart Conducting his Requiem," and many other works which added to his increasing renown and

prosperity. Married to a beautiful and wealthy lady of title, honoured by commissions from the government of his native land, and apparently without a wish ungratified, a terrible calamity put an end to all. His reason gave way, and, after lingering in an asylum for two or three years, Munkacsy died insane in May, 1900.

It is of interest to know that the painter of Milton himself suffered for months at one time in his life from partial blindness.

DEFOE.

ONE of Defoe's biographers, Thomas Wright, begins his preface in this pithy manner :

“With the personality of no eminent man of letters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is the public less familiar than with that of Daniel Defoe. ‘Robinson Crusoe’ has been read to tatters, ‘The Shortest

Way' even has been taken down and dusted; but of the man who wrote them the great world knows nothing, except, perhaps, that he had a hooked nose and was put in the pillory."

The pillory in some form or other, such as the stretch-neck, which confined the head only, appears to have existed in England from before the Conquest, and was not abolished until 1837. It became in time the usual method of punishing libellers. To a popular favourite, it was scarcely a punishment at all, but those who had incurred the ill will of the people were sometimes so ill used by the mob as to cause death.

A noted victim of the pillory was William Prynne, the Puritan pamphleteer, whose celebrated "*Histrio-mastix*," attacking the stage, was issued in 1632. Queen Henrietta Maria and her ladies having about this time taken part in the performance of Walter Montague's "*Shepherd's Paradise*," a passage

in Prynne's book was thought to reflect on them, and Star-chamber proceedings were instituted against its author. After passing a year in the Tower, he was sentenced to be imprisoned for life, to be fined £5,000, and to lose both ears in the pillory. Five years later (it is evident that the sentence of perpetual imprisonment had been remitted) Prynne's "News from Ipswich," directed against Wren, Bishop of Norwich, brought him before the court, and he was again sentenced to be imprisoned and fined, to stand in the pillory, and be branded on the cheeks with the letters S. L., which stood for *Seditious Libeller*. But nothing could tame Prynne, and he forthwith wrote some verses asserting that S. L. meant *Stigmata Laudis*. The infamous Titus Oates, who invented the so-called "Popish Plot" to massacre the Protestants, burn London, and assassinate Charles II., and gained wealth by revealing it, must have been well acquainted with the

pillory. He was tried for perjury in 1685, found guilty, and sentenced to be twice whipped and stand in the pillory annually at certain specified times and places. A portrait of him was published at this period which was inscribed "Oats well thrash't."

"The Shortest Way with Dissenters," a famous tract of Defoe's, appeared anonymously in 1702, and caused an immense sensation. On its face an argument for the employment of the severest measures against the Dissenters, it was really a satirical imitation, hardly exaggerated, of the furious invectives of the Tories against their opponents. At first its irony was unseen, and both sides were deceived. The High Church party hailed this strengthener of their hands with delight and the Dissenters were correspondingly depressed, but the truth soon leaked out and the tables were turned indeed. The Whigs laughed prodigiously, the Tories raged.

The Earl of Nottingham, one of the Secretaries of State and Defoe's bitter enemy, traced its authorship to him, and a reward of £50 was offered for his apprehension. The pamphlet was burned in New Palace Yard by the common hangman, both its printer and publisher were arrested, and Defoe was finally found and imprisoned. His trial came off at the Old Bailey early in July, 1703, and Defoe, acting on his counsel's mistaken advice, quitted his defence and threw himself upon the mercy of the queen. The result was a sentence of marked severity. He was condemned to pay two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure, and find sureties for his good behaviour for seven years.

In accordance with this, Defoe stood in the pillory on the last three days of July, 1703, — on the 29th, before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill; on the 30th, near the

Conduit, in Cheapside; and on the 31st, at Temple Bar, in which last situation our artist has pictured him. But the future author of the immortal "Robinson Crusoe" had little reason to feel abashed, for a crowd of admirers gathered around the pillory, and, instead of being bombarded with such unsavoury missiles as dead cats, rotten vegetables, and stale eggs, bunches of flowers were flung to him. "The pillory itself was adorned with garlands, and tankards of ale and stoups of wine were drunk in honour of the darling of the Whig mob. . . . The daring 'Hymn to the Pillory' which Defoe had written, and which was hawked about at the time, added to the enthusiasm." It begins :

"Hail, hieroglyphic state machine,
 Contrived to punish fancy in.
 Men that are men in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificants disdain.
 Exalted on the stool of state —
 What prospect do I see of sovereign fate?"

Defoe in the Pillory.

From painting by Eyre Crowe.



Certainly these lines would serve to show that Defoe was no poet, nor was he, though he wrote a great amount of rhyme, and seems to have plumed himself on his skill at verse making. Because of long detention in jail, his business of the tile works, in which he was the principal shareholder, was ruined, and he suffered a loss of about £3,500. To use his own words, "Violence, injury, and barbarous treatment demolished him and his undertaking." On the other hand, he gained something, not so tangible as money, but of lasting use and worth. His biographer, Wright, plausibly holds that the eighteen months Defoe spent in Newgate, as one result of "The Shortest Way," were of the greatest value to him, for there he gathered among his fellow prisoners invaluable material for the wonderful realistic works which he afterward produced. As a political prisoner Defoe could keep himself apart from the crowd of thieves, highwaymen, coiners, and

pirates who thronged the prison, but we know that he did not always do so. He often went among them, and laboured with them for their good, conveying to the ignorant and the wicked that moral and religious instruction which he knew so well how to adapt to their capacities.

The first picture exhibited at the Royal Academy by Eyre Crowe, a pupil of Paul Delaroche, was "Master Prynne Searching the Pockets of Archbishop Laud in the Tower," and to this representation of the notorious occupant of pillories succeeded many works of a historical nature, several of which have been engraved. Some of them are "Holbein Painting Edward VI.," "Milton Visiting Galileo in Prison," "Luther Posting his Theses on the Church-door of Wittenberg," "Charles II. Knighting the Loin of Beef," and "Goldsmith's Mourners." Crowe was elected an associate of the Royal Academy in 1876.

An interesting episode in his life occurred in 1852, when he accompanied Thackeray, as his secretary, on his lecturing tour to the United States. Some forty years afterward Crowe published an account of the trip, in a most interesting book, called "With Thackeray in America," which is illustrated with many of Crowe's amusing sketches of life in our ante-bellum days.

SWIFT.

THAT "King of Book Collectors," Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Queen Anne's chancellor and secretary of state, managed to "secure to his own service two of the greatest intelligences of his time," — Defoe and Swift. Though both of them worked and wrote for Harley, they were far from friendly to each other.

"An illiterate fellow, whose name I forget," was one of the gibes which were flung

at Defoe by Swift, with the almost brutal scorn which was part of his character. "As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck, — as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift," says Thackeray.

He says, also, "The brightest parts of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson." "Stella," Swift named her, and her sad story is familiar to every one who knows the life of the author of "Gulliver's Travels." When the young Irish student first went to England, in 1688, he was received into the house of Sir William Temple, at Moor Park, in Surrey, as amanuensis and reader, Lady Temple being in some way related to Swift's mother. Sir William, a man who had been in his day the ambassador of kings and had refused the office of secretary of state, preferring to devote himself to literary pursuits and his beloved gardens, had, doubtless, plenty of





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work for young Jonathan Swift to do. The Temple family included little Hester Johnson, then about seven years old, whose mother, a widow, was some sort of a housekeeper at Moor Park. The child's education was for several years confided to the Irish secretary, and many hours they must have passed together, engaged as in Miss Dicksee's charming picture, — in the wainscoted room, with plenty of books about, and the daylight shining through the leaded glass on the goldfish and the flowers, and on the proud yet melancholy face of Swift and the fair, pure, young girl whom he taught, and whom he loved in later years.

Sir William Temple died in 1699, and left a thousand pounds to Stella, then about eighteen years of age. Swift had got a living at Laracor, near Dublin, and thither Stella, accompanied by Mrs. Dingley, a respectable elderly woman with a small income, went to live, in lodgings not far from Swift.

He was often away in London in the following years, and during these absences the ladies occupied his parsonage or his lodgings in Dublin, removing to their own rooms upon his return. "In these absences from home he wrote Stella almost daily, keeping a journal-letter which he despatched regularly, and giving the fullest account of all he said, heard, or did. This is the Journal to Stella. . . . The letters are charming, gossiping love-letters, — charming enough for any man to write, a man even who had a sound, wholesome human heart in his bosom. One can fancy poor Stella gloating over them, extracting the fondness as a bee honey, sleeping with them at night under her pillow, and carrying them about with her by day."

Here is one of Swift's letters to "Stellakins," as he sometimes calls her :

"Here I must begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear saucy little M. D. should be angry and think that the paper is too little.

I had your letter last night, as I told you just and no more in my last ; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day ; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday. I heard that a gentlewoman from Lady Giffard's house had been at the coffee-house to inquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter to-morrow, and continue to see her without hazarding seeing my Lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon. . . .

“Here is such a stir and bustle with this little M. D. of ours : I must be writing every night. I cannot go to bed without a word to them ; I cannot put out my candle till I've bid them good-night. O Lord ! O Lord ! . . Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So you've got into Presto's lodgings ; very fine, truly. We have had a fortnight of the most glorious

weather on earth, and still continues. I hope you have made the best of it.

“Stella writes like an emperor. I am afraid it hurts your eyes ; pray take care of that, pray, Mrs. Stella.

“Cannot you do what you will with your own horse ? pray do not let that puppy, Parvisol, sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me ; but one of these days I shall positively turn him off into the wide world, when none of you are by to intercede for him. . . .

“‘Write constantly?’ Why, sirrah, do I not write every day and twice a day to M. D.? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be. I think this enough for one night ; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.”

Unfortunately, none of Stella’s letters to the dean have been preserved. The only memento of her found among his effects was

a raven tress marked in his hand, "Only a woman's hair." In Mrs. Oliphant's beautiful words, it was :

"Only all the softness, the brightness, the love and blessings of a life ; only all that the heart had to rest upon of human solace ; only that, — no more." Poor Stella had then been in a better world than this for seventeen years.

Swift is said to have married her, secretly, and in a formal manner only, in 1716, some dozen years before her death, but the fact of this union is disputed, and no positive evidence of it exists.

Another Hester, Miss Vanhomrigh, had a large part in Swift's life of failures, and without doubt truly loved him. She hoped for marriage with him, and certainly had some reason for her aspirations, but the dean — "a bachelor from conviction," Vandam calls him — would have preferred to live and die unmarried. Hearing some rumour of his pri-

vate union with Stella, Vanessa, as Swift calls Miss Vanhomrigh, wrote to her, asking the relation she bore to Swift. Was she his wife? Stella did not answer, but enclosed the letter to Swift, who took it and went at once to Marley Abbey, where Vanessa lived. Bursting in to her presence, with an awful look he flung the letter on the table, and went away without a word. Vanessa never saw him again, but died in a few weeks of a broken heart.

The story of Stella and Vanessa still remains untold "to the depths." No one knows, and probably none will ever know, all the truth. There is some mystery which hides it from our view.

Why did Swift not marry Hester Johnson? or, if he did marry her, why was not the union acknowledged?

The two who knew best, perhaps the only ones who ever knew, lie near each other in St. Patrick's, silent in death as in life.

Swift died insane after several years of impaired intellect, in 1745, "having lived till seventy-eight in spite of himself."

Let Thackeray sum up his life, — who can do it so well?

"And yet, to have had so much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shown fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there. He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him, and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ears after seven score years. He was always alone, — alone and gnashing in the darkness, except

when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him. When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius ; an awful downfall and ruin."

The father of Miss Dicksee, to whom we owe "Swift and Stella," was a well-known English artist, and her brother, Frank Dicksee, who wears the honours of a Royal Academician, long ago scored a distinct success with his delightful picture of "Harmony," now in the Chantrey collection.

Her first picture to gain recognition by being hung "on the line" at the Royal Academy, was, we believe, one taken from Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith." Miss Dicksee's other canvases, to mention but the best known ones, are "The First Audience — Goldsmith and the Misses Horneck," "A Sacrifice of Vanities" (from the "Vicar of Wakefield"), "Sheridan at the Linley's," "The Child Handel," and "Miss Angel introduced to Sir Joshua Reynolds," — a

quintette of successes well deserved by this sympathetic and graceful painter.

POPE.

“WITHOUT love,” says Thackeray, “I can fancy no gentleman.”

Pope was a good and devoted son, and a faithful friend to some, — to Garth, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, and Peterborough, — but does not seem to have been blessed with the gift of loving. One of his biographers says: “The best prescription Pope’s spiritual physician could have given was the love of a good and sensible woman.” Such a love unfortunately never came to Pope. Sickly and deformed, his appearance would be apt to excite pity in a kindly woman’s soul, and

“Of all the paths that lead to woman’s love
Pity’s the straightest.”

In Pope’s case, however, this result did not follow.

He essayed a lover's part more than once, and especially so with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though we cannot believe that his heart was really engaged.

Lady Mary was a personality, a character, to whom we owe some deservedly famous letters. Her father was Evelyn Pierrepont, afterward Duke of Kingston, and she was born in 1689. Her mother died when the little girl was but three years old, and she seems to have been left to grow up largely in her own way, with no regular education.

Her granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart, relates: "A trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recall, will prove how much she was the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit-Kat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a can-

didate, alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see her,' cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamation, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men of England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy; never again, through-

out her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she ; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified ; there is always some allaying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast."

One of her dearest friends, in girlhood, was Anne Wortley, whose brother, Edward Wortley Montagu, a scholar, and the friend of Addison and Steele, met Lady Mary, and was struck by her intelligence and wit. Later they fell in love with each other, and, because of the opposition of Lady Mary's father, eloped, and were married in 1712. Four years later Wortley Montagu was sent to Constantinople as ambassador to Turkey, and remained there with his wife until 1718,

when he was recalled. It was while living in the East that Lady Mary inquired into the method of inoculation for the smallpox practised by the Turks, which was afterward courageously introduced by her into England. From Constantinople, too, she corresponded with the Princess Caroline, with Congreve and Pope, among others. Here is a portion of one of Pope's letters to Lady Mary at this time :

“My eyesight is grown so bad that I have left off all correspondence, except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world : it is a sort of dream

of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me ; but, however, it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill health and ill fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet who has lost all manner of romantic ideas, except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, — not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero.

“ You tell me the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward that I could almost be one of his worshippers ; for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits

than of raising all the plants and ripening all the minerals in the earth. It is my opinion a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand leagues to see your nature and your wit in their full perfection. What may we not expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other. If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

“I make not the least question but you could give me great *éclaircissements* upon passages in Homer, since you have been enlightened by the same sun that inspired the Father of Poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you in the very scenes of his story

and action ; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre, and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished, you may at least, at ease in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia in such a dim and remote prospect as you have of Homer in my translation. I send you, therefore, with this, the third volume of the Iliad, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley. Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works ; there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand or not.

“The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin ; it gave me the joy of

thinking you in good health and humour ; one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. . . . I have had but four of your letters ; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can, in the dependence that there is no man breathing more constantly or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well ; tell me that your little son is well ; tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you, for whatever that is, it will please me better than anything else can do."

The quarrel between Pope and Lady Mary took place not many years after the return of the Montagus to England. Its cause seems impossible to determine ; its result was an interchange of bitter attacks upon each other in prose and verse, not creditable to Lady Mary, and very discreditable to the

sensitive, suspicious (and spiteful) poet, who certainly did not act as a gentleman should have done.

Mr. Frith, in his painting of the "Rejected Poet," has followed the story which affirms that Pope made a serious declaration of love to Lady Mary, and was answered only by a fit of laughter, which wounded his vanity past cure.

The painter, in his delightful "Autobiography," gives an interesting account of his experience with the purchaser of this picture.

"An incident occurred in connection with this picture that is worth recording, as showing the way artists are sometimes treated by their — so-called — patrons. A collector, of a somewhat vulgar type, had long desired me to paint a picture for him. I showed him the sketch, and to prove the culture of the gentleman, I may mention the following facts :



The Rejected Poet.

From painting by William Powell Frith.





“ ‘What’s the subject?’ said he.

“ ‘Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Pope,’ said I; ‘the point taken is when Pope makes love to the lady, who was married at the time, and she laughed at him.’

“ ‘The Pope make love to a married woman, — horrible!’

“ ‘No, no, not *the* Pope, — Pope the poet!’

“ ‘Well, it don’t matter who it was; he shouldn’t make love to a married woman, and she done quite right in laughing at him; and if I had been her husband, I should — ’ etc.

“ ‘Very well,’ said I, ‘as you don’t like the subject, we will say no more about it. I will paint you something else.’

“ ‘Oh no,’ was the reply; ‘I like to see a woman laugh at a man that makes an ass of himself. I’ll take it. . . .’

“ ‘In due time the picture was finished, and highly approved by my learned friend, who, I discovered afterward, had never read a line

of Pope, or, indeed, even heard of him. . . . He died long ago. His pictures were sold at Christie's, where 'Pope and Lady Mary' fetched twelve hundred guineas."

Few painters have ever won wider popularity for their works than has been accorded to William Powell Frith, R. A., now an octogenarian. His most famous picture is "The Derby Day," now in the National Gallery (bequeathed by Jacob Bell, the old friend, and once the fellow student, of the painter); his "Railway Station" and the "Marriage of the Prince of Wales" (the latter lent by the queen) were at the Centennial Exhibition, in Philadelphia, in 1876; his "Road to Ruin" and "The Race for Wealth" (the last-named was at Chicago in 1893) must also be mentioned in this group of representations of modern life on which his fame mostly rests. Frith has, however, painted many works in another branch of art, such as "Claude Duval,"

“Coming of Age,” “Hogarth at Calais,” “Scene from Goldsmith’s ‘Good-natured Man,’” now in the Sheepshanks Collection at South Kensington Museum, and “The Last Sunday of Charles II.”

STERNE.

THE “Sentimental Journey” of Laurence Sterne was intended to be composed of sketches of his tour through Italy, but he died soon after completing the first part, which describes only episodes that took place in France. The book was published in 1768, the year of the author’s decease.

· Sir Walter Scott says that “Yorick, the lively, witty, sensitive, and heedless parson, is the well-known personification of Sterne himself, and, undoubtedly,—like every portrait of himself drawn by a master of the art,—bore a strong resemblance to the original.”

It was in Paris that the susceptible Yorick encountered the fair glove-dealer, whom Newton has painted for us.

We will let Sterne himself tell the story: " 'Pray, madam,' said I, 'have the goodness to tell me which way I must turn to go to the Opéra Comique.'

" 'Most willingly, monsieur,' said she, laying aside her work.

" I had given a cast with my eye into half a dozen shops as I came along, in search of a face not likely to be disordered by such an interruption, till, at last, this hitting my fancy, I had walked in.

" She was working a pair of ruffles, as she sat in a low chair on the far side of the shop, facing the door.

" ' *Très-volontiers*, most willingly,' said she, laying her work down upon a chair next her, and rising up from the low chair she was sitting in, with so cheerful a movement and so cheerful a look that, had I been laying out

fifty louis d'ors with her, I should have said, 'That woman is grateful.'

" 'You must turn, monsieur,' said she, going with me to the door of the shop, and pointing the way down the street I was to take; 'you must turn first to your right hand, — *mais, prenez garde*, there are two turns, and be so good as to take the second, — then go down a little way, and you'll see a church; and when you are past it, give yourself the trouble to turn directly to the right, and that will lead you to the foot of the Pont-Neuf, which you must cross, and there any one will do himself the pleasure to show you.'

" She repeated her instructions three times over to me, with the same good-natured patience the third time as the first; and, if tones and manners have a meaning, which certainly they have, unless to hearts which shut them out, she seemed really interested that I should not lose myself.

“I will not suppose it was the woman’s beauty (notwithstanding she was the handsomest *grisette*, I think, I ever saw) which had much to do with the sense I had of her courtesy ; only I remember, when I told her how much I was obliged to her, that I looked very full in her eyes, and that I repeated my thanks as often as she had done her instructions. I had not gone ten paces from the door before I found I had forgot every tittle of what she had said ; so, looking back, and seeing her still standing in the door of the shop, as if to look whether I went right or not, I returned back to ask her whether the first turn was to my right or left, for that I had absolutely forgot.

“ ‘It is impossible!’ said she, half laughing.

“ ‘ ’Tis very possible,’ replied I, ‘when a man is thinking more of a woman than of her good advice.’

“As this was the real truth, she took it, as every woman takes a matter of right, with a

slight curtsey. '*Attendez !*' said she, laying her hand upon my arm to detain me whilst she called a lad out of the back shop to get ready a parcel of gloves. 'I am just going to send him,' said she, 'with a packet into that quarter ; and, if you will have the complaisance to step in, it will be ready in a moment, and he shall attend you to the place.' So I walked in with her to the far side of the shop ; and, taking up the ruffle in my hand which she laid upon the chair, as if I had a mind to sit, she sat down herself in her low chair, and I instantly sat myself down beside her.

" 'He will be ready, monsieur,' said she, 'in a moment.'

" 'And in that moment,' replied I, 'most willingly would I say something very civil to you for all these courtesies. Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperature. . . .'

“She was going to say something civil in return, but the lad came into the shop with the gloves.

“‘Apropos,’ said I, ‘I want a couple of pairs myself.’

“The beautiful *grisette* rose up when I said this, and, going behind the counter, reached down a parcel and untied it; I advanced to the side over against her; they were all too large. The beautiful *grisette* measured them, one by one, across my hand; it would not alter their dimensions. She begged I would try a single pair, which seemed to be the least. She held it open, and my hand slipped into it at once.

“‘It will not do,’ shaking my head a little.

“‘No,’ said she, doing the same thing.

“There are certain combined looks of simple subtlety, where whim, and sense, and seriousness, and nonsense are so blended that all the languages of Babel, set loose together, could not express them; they are



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Yorick and the Grisette.

From painting by Gilbert Stuart Newton.

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communicated and caught so instantaneously that you can scarce say which party is the infector. I leave it to your men of words to swell pages about it ; it is enough in the present to say again, the gloves would not do ; so, folding our hands within our arms, we both lolled upon the counter ; it was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us.

“ The beautiful *grisette* looked sometimes at the gloves, then sideways to the window, then at the gloves, and then at me. I was not disposed to break silence, — I followed her example ; so I looked at the gloves, then to the window, then at the gloves, and then at her, and so on alternately.

“ I found I lost considerably in every attack ; she had a quick black eye, and shot through two such long and silken eyelashes with such penetration that she looked into my very heart and veins. It may seem strange, but I could actually feel she did.

“‘It is no matter,’ said I, taking up a couple of the pairs next me, and putting them into my pocket.

“I was sensible the beautiful *grisette* had not asked above a single livre above the price. I wished she had asked a livre more, and was puzzling my brains how to bring the matter about.

“‘Do you think, my dear sir,’ said she, mistaking my embarrassment, ‘that I could ask a *sou* too much of a stranger, and of a stranger whose politeness, more than his want of gloves, has done me the honour to lay himself at my mercy? *M’en croyez-vous capable?*’

“‘Faith! not I,’ said I; ‘and if you were, you are welcome.’”

“So, counting the money into her hand, and with a lower bow than one generally makes to a shopkeeper’s wife, I went out, and her lad, with his parcel, followed me.”

An English gentleman, Mr. Robert Ver-

non, in 1847, presented the National Gallery with the munificent gift of over one hundred and fifty pictures of the British school. Among them are the originals of three reproduced in this book, — Herbert's "Sir Thomas More and his Daughter," Ward's "Doctor Johnson in the Anteroom of Lord Chesterfield," and Newton's "Yorick and the Grisette."

Gilbert Stuart Newton was born in Halifax, N. S., in 1793, his parents having gone thither from Boston at the time the British evacuated that city. Upon his father's death, his mother brought the boy back to Boston, where his talent for art having already shown itself, he studied for a time under his uncle, the celebrated portrait painter, Gilbert Stuart. He visited Italy in 1817, and then went to London, and became a student at the Royal Academy. One of his first pictures to attract attention was "The Forsaken," exhibited at the British Institution in 1821, and

now belonging to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, to which it was bequeathed by that generous friend of art, the late Thomas Gold Appleton.

Newton became an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1828, and was elected a full member in 1832. His "Portia and Bassanio" belongs to the South Kensington Museum, and his "Abelard" is in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy. Other works by Newton are "The Importunate Author," "Macbeth," "Shylock and Jessica," "Lear and Cordelia," and "The Vicar of Wakefield Restoring his Daughter to her Mother." His mind was clouded for several years before his death, which occurred in 1835. Newton enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Charles Robert Leslie and Washington Irving. His drawing was weak, but his pictures are fine in sentiment and colour. Allston said, "Newton's colour is *magical*."

Chatterton.

From painting by Henry Wallis.



CHATTERTON.

THE opening scene of the tragedy of Thomas Chatterton's short, yet wonderful life was a garret, and in a garret he died. In one the Bristol Bluecoat boy delighted to shut himself on holiday afternoons, and pore over the ancient manuscripts which — taken by his father from the old Treasury House of the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe — he found among the waste wreckage of the attic. In the other, the dawn of a London day shone on him lying dead, — poisoned by his own hand, — not yet eighteen years old, but driven by neglect and want to self-destruction. The proud and confident spirit which had entered the great city but four short months before had failed, and could not longer endure the ruin of its hopes.

When his lifeless body was discovered, the floor of the room was strewn with the frag-

ments of his writings which he had destroyed in his last hours.

Among them were, doubtless, some of those attempts at reproducing the verse of Chaucer's day, with which Chatterton so often occupied his precocious genius.

He claimed to have discovered, among the old parchments in the parish chests of Redcliffe Church, a collection of poems written by a priest of Bristol, named Thomas Rowley, who flourished in the fifteenth century, and had for his good friend and patron one William Canynge, a rich merchant and benefactor of Bristol city, as whose mayor he served for more than one term. Canynge is a genuine historical character, but it seems to be a fact that the poet-priest existed only in Chatterton's fertile fancy, and that he himself wrote the poems which he ascribed to Rowley.

Seven years after the death of the boy-poet, these pieces were first published in a

collective form, and then began a bitter and long-continued controversy as to their authenticity. Critics and antiquaries on one side stoutly maintained that the Rowley poems were actually the work of the old parish priest, and equally learned men on the other side warmly asseverated that no such man ever lived, and that the verses owed their existence to Thomas Chatterton alone.

If the proud, misguided boy, stubbornly refusing any help that hinted at charity, could have received but a tithe of the sum spent for printer's ink in this "battle of the books," England might have added another great name to her greatest ones. Even as it is, —

"Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,

The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride," —

as Wordsworth called him, can never be forgotten. Both his sad story and his wondrous gifts forbid oblivion for Thomas Chatterton.

Faultless he was not, either in his life or his work, but he was only seventeen when he died.

His corpse was "carried, unwept, unheeded, and unowned, to the burying-ground of the workhouse in Shoe Lane," but all traces of his grave are now lost, the cemetery having been obliterated to form Farringdon Street Market. A monument to Chatterton was erected in Bristol seventy years after his death, and still stands near the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe, whose muniment-room furnished the ancient parchments which were so much to the strange boy. More lasting tributes, however, are those paid to Chatterton by his brother poets, Shelley, Coleridge, Keats, and Rossetti, and many another name of high renown.

His masterpiece, the "Tragedy of Ella," written at sixteen years, contains this beautiful lament :

“O, sing unto my roundelay !
O, drop the briny tear with me !
Dance no more at holiday,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

“Black his hair as the winter night,
White his neck as the summer snow,
Ruddy his face as the morning light ;
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

“Sweet his tongue as throstle’s note,
Quick in dance as thought was he ;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout ;
O, he lies by the willow-tree !
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

“Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briered dell below ;

Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing
 To the nightmares as they go.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

“ See the white moon shines on high ;
 Whiter is my true love’s shroud,
 Whiter than the morning sky,
 Whiter than the evening cloud.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

“ Here upon my true love’s grave,
 Shall the garish flowers be laid,
 Nor one holy saint to save
 All the sorrows of a maid.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree.

“ With my hands I’ll bind the briers
 Round his holy corse to grow
 Elfin-fairy, light your fires,
 Here my body still shall be
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow-tree

“Come with acorn cup and thorn,
Drain my heart's blood all away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.”

Writer, traveller, discoverer, and artist, Henry Wallis can, in these last days of the century, look back on a life of seventy years. Art he studied in the Royal Academy schools, and then at Paris in the studio of Gleyre, the painter of “Lost Illusions,” and the teacher of Whistler and Du Maurier. “Chatterton,” which was on the Academy walls in 1856, and is doubtless Wallis's best-known picture, having been finely engraved by Oldham Barlow, has now happily become, through bequest, the property of the British nation. “Back from Marston Moor” (a young soldier of Cromwell's returning home), “Found at Naxos,” “The Despatch from Trebizond,” and “Timon and Flavius,” are titles which

the painter has given to some of his works. "Across the Common" and "The Stone-breaker" were sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition in 1876. In water-colours, Henry Wallis has done many good things, notably in illustration of "The Merchant of Venice."

JOHNSON.

POOR Chatterton had hoped for the assistance of Horace Walpole, who posed as a patron, and Johnson addressed to Lord Chesterfield the "Plan of his Dictionary," in the expectation of receiving some assistance in the undertaking. Both authors were disappointed, and both retaliated, — Chatterton, by satiric flings at Walpole as "Baron Otranto" and "Horatio Trefoil," and Johnson, by his famous letter to Chesterfield, written on the completion of the dictionary.

Leslie Stephen, in his monograph on the great lexicographer, says :

“Johnson was naturally annoyed when the dignified noble published two articles in the *World*, — a periodical supported by such polite personages as himself and Horace Walpole, — in which the need of a dictionary was set forth, and various courtly compliments described Johnson’s fitness for a dictatorship over the language. Nothing could be more prettily turned; but it meant, and Johnson took it to mean, I should like to have the dictionary dedicated to me: such a compliment would add a feather to my cap, and enable me to appear to the world as a patron of literature as well as an authority upon manners. ‘After making pert professions,’ as Johnson said, ‘he had for many years taken no notice of me; but when my dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in the *World* about it.’ Johnson, therefore, bestowed upon the noble earl a piece of his mind in a letter which was not published till it came out in Boswell’s biography.

“MY LORD, — I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

“When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself, *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*, — that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the arts of pleasing which a wearied and uncourtly scholar

can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

“ ‘Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward room and was repulsed from your door ; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, and one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

“ ‘The Shepherd in “Virgil” grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

“ ‘Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached the ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ;

but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

“ ‘ Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, should loss be possible, with loss ; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

“ ‘ Your lordship’s most humble,
most obedient servant,

“ ‘ SAM. JOHNSON.’

“ The letter is one of those knock-down blows to which no answer is possible, and

upon which comment is superfluous. It was, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, 'the far-famed blast of doom proclaiming into the ear of Lord Chesterfield and, through him, of the listening world, that patronage should be no more.' "

Of this letter Johnson said it was "expressed in civil terms, but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said or wrote, and that I had done with him."

Johnson afterward exchanged the word "garret" for "patron" in his "Vanity of Human Wishes," so that the lines now read :

"There mark what ills the scholar's life assail, —
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

A warm supporter of authority in principles, Johnson was at the same time noted for his personal independence and self-respect. He believed, also, that the scholar's life levelled all differences of rank. In 1767, George III., who had bestowed a pension upon the

doctor, expressed a desire to see him, and the inimitable Boswell tells of the interview with extreme complacency. "The king asked whether he was writing anything, and Johnson excused himself by saying that he had told the world what he knew, for the present, and had 'done his part as a writer.' 'I should have thought so, too,' said the king, 'if you had not written so well.' 'No man,' said Johnson, 'could have paid a higher compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay, — it was decisive.'"

But the approval of a king moves us little compared with reading of the kindly charities of "Surly Sam," — so rough outside, sometimes, but so tender within. Mrs. Thrale said that "he loved the poor as she never saw any one else love them, with an earnest desire to make them happy. His charity was unbounded; he proposed to allow himself one hundred a year out of the three hundred of his pension; but the Thrales

could never discover that he really spent upon himself more than seventy pounds, or at most eighty pounds."

We will not leave him without repeating the story of his penance for disobeying his father.

While staying at Lichfield, he was missed one morning at breakfast, and did not return till night. "Then he told how his time had been passed. On that day fifty years before, his father, confined by illness, had begged him to take his place to sell books at a stall at Uttoxeter. Pride made him refuse. 'To do away with the sin of this disobedience, I this day went in a post-chaise to Uttoxeter, and going into the market at the time of high business, uncovered my head and stood with it bare an hour before the stall which my father had formerly used, exposed to the sneers of the standers-by and the inclemency of the weather ; a penance by which I trust I have propitiated Heaven for this only

instance, I believe, of contumacy to my father.' If the anecdote illustrates the touch of superstition in Johnson's mind, it reveals, too, that sacred depth of tenderness which ennobled his character."

In "Fifty Years of English Art," Hodgson speaks of the "period in English history when the great lexicographer held the same position with artists that trumps do with whist players; the rule was, when in doubt about a subject, play Doctor Johnson." Evidently the painter of our picture of the doctor awaiting Chesterfield's pleasure had heard of this trick, for his first success was won in 1843, with a picture of "Blinking Sam" reading the manuscript of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Two years later, Ward sent to the Royal Academy the painting we reproduce.

Its background reveals the figure of Lord Chesterfield receiving a visitor, having just parted with those on the right,—a group

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*Doctor Johnson in the Anteroom of Lord
Cheslerfield.*

From painting by Edward M. Ward.

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formed of a lady of the highest fashion, preceded by her black page, and attended by a very "Lord Foppington," who seems to jest with her at the expense of the waiting company. Among these, the burly form of Johnson fronts us, and the others include a comely widow lady with her pretty boy, an old soldier with a wooden leg, a parson yawning at the window, and a sporting squire, whip in hand.

This picture is in the National Gallery together with the "Disgrace of Clarendon," "The South Sea Bubble," and "James II. receiving the news of the landing of the Prince of Orange." Its painter, Edward Matthew Ward, R. A., who produced many works of the class known as historical anecdote, committed suicide in 1879, his mind being unhinged through disease. Eight frescoes by him adorn the corridor of the House of Commons, the most successful being the "Last Sleep of Argyle," and the "Execution of Montrose."

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN Goldsmith first came to London, in 1756, the year after Johnson had finished his dictionary, he was "penniless, friendless, and forlorn," but at the time of our picture, he is, as we see, opulent — for him.

For this is a dozen years later, and his play of "The Good-natured Man" has just been brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, and is, on the whole, a success. Johnson had written the prologue, and the two friends, with the faithful Boswell, are dining together in a cozy nook at the "Mitre" in Fleet Street, and talking over the first performance.

A pleasant sight they make in the quaint old tavern ensconced near the fire, with the doctor, as usual, doing most of the talking. But then it was talk worth listening to, and there was a great soul behind it. A true friend, too, was Samuel Johnson, and to none

more than to Goldsmith, who often needed one. Boswell gives us the doctor's account of how he once helped the generous and improvident Irishman. He says : " I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith, that he was in great distress, and as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went to him as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea and had a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit ; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a

bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money ; and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill." This book was the "Vicar of Wakefield." But we are straying from our scene.

Goldsmith is finely arrayed in a new suit which Mr. Filby, the tailor, has provided for the evening of the production of the comedy, which put £500 in the author's pocket. Four hundred of this sum he immediately spent on the lease and furnishing of a set of chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple, and used a good part of the remainder in giving jolly entertainments there to his friends. It is said that the learned Blackstone, then engaged on his famous "Commentaries" in the rooms below, was at times nearly driven mad by the uproar.

In these rooms, six years later, Oliver Goldsmith died. He was buried in the Temple churchyard, and Johnson wrote his epitaph,

in which is the well-known line saying that he "touched nothing that he did not adorn."

This is, however, not to be found over Goldsmith's grave, but on his monument in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey, where the two friends were walking one day when Johnson quoted Ovid's line :

"Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis."

"Perhaps our name may be mingled with these."

Johnson lies in the abbey near the monument to Goldsmith, of whom he said : "Let not his frailties be remembered ; he was a very great man."

Certainly nothing but his goodness was remembered by the humble mourners who filled the staircase of Brick Court on the day of his funeral, — "women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for ; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city,

to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable."

Eyre Crowe, the painter of the diners at the "Mitre," has also placed on canvas this scene at Goldsmith's funeral.

Many of the happiest hours of the later years of Goldsmith's life were spent in the company of the Horneck family. Mrs. Horneck, the widow of a certain Captain Horneck, was related to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Burke was the guardian of her two daughters, so it was natural that they should become acquainted with Doctor Goldsmith. The two girls, Catherine and Mary, were, in 1769, when they first met our author, nineteen and seventeen years old. In the following year, the three ladies and Goldsmith took a little Continental tour together, during which he wrote to Reynolds from Paris: "I will soon be among you, better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say that, if anything could make

France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them this letter before I send it away."

"The Jessamy Bride" was Goldsmith's playful nickname for Mary Horneck, and her sister he called "Little Comedy." These nicknames are preserved in a bit of jocular verse, written by Goldsmith, in reply to an invitation to dinner at Doctor Baker's :

"Your mandate I got,
You may all go to pot;
Had your senses been right,
You'd have sent before night;
As I hope to be saved,
I put off being shaved;
For I could not make bold,
While the matter was cold,
To meddle in suds,
Or to put on my duds;
So tell Horneck and Nesbitt,
And Baker and his bit,

And Kauffman beside,
 And the Jessamy bride,
 With the rest of the crew,
 The Reynoldses two,
 Little Comedy's face,
 And the Captain in lace.

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Tell each other to rue
 Your Devonshire crew,
 For sending so late
 To one of my state.
 But 'tis Reynolds's way
 From wisdom to stray,
 And Angelica's whim
 To be frolick like him.

But alas! your good worships, how could they be
 wiser,

When both have been spoiled in to-day's *Advertiser*?"

Another bit of pleasant fooling is Goldsmith's answer to a rhyming letter from Mrs. Bunbury (once Catherine Horneck), asking the poet to visit them at Barton, the family seat in Suffolk. He says:

"You begin as follows:



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“ ‘ I hope, my good doctor, you soon will be here,
And your spring velvet coat very smart will appear,
To open our ball the first day of the year.’

“ Pray, madam, where did you ever find the epithet ‘good’ applied to the title of doctor? Had you called me learned doctor, or grave doctor, or noble doctor, it might be allowable, because they belong to the profession. But not to cavil at trifles, you talk of my spring velvet coat, and advise me to wear it the first day in the year, that is, in the middle of winter, — a spring velvet in the middle of winter!!! That would be a solecism indeed; and yet, to increase the inconsistency, in another part of your letter you call me a beau; now, on one side or other, you must be wrong. If I am a beau, I can never think of wearing a spring velvet in winter; and if I am not a beau — why — then — that explains itself.”

Miss Dicksee has imagined Goldsmith as reading to the Misses Horneck the manu-

script of "She Stoops to Conquer," which was produced at Covent Garden in 1773, and made a great hit. Fortunate girls, indeed, to be the first introduced to Miss Hardcastle and Tony Lumpkin.

Catherine Horneck married Bunbury, "the graceful and humourous amateur artist of those days," and the "Jessamy Bride" wedded one Colonel, afterward General, Gwyn, four years after Goldsmith's death. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to Mary Horneck, who always kept it, though she lived to be very old. Hazlitt once met her in Northcote's studio, and says she talked of Goldsmith with recollection and affection undimmed by time. She was still beautiful in old age, and Hazlitt says: "I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room, looking round with complacency."

Surely the gentle, kindly poet would be pleased with Miss Dicksee's picture of him and his charming girl friends,

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Burns in Edinburgh, 1787.

From painting by Charles M. Hardie.

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BURNS.

“AFFLICTION’S sons are brothers in distress,
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!”

These familiar lines of Burns are found in his poem of “A Winter Night,” which was first printed in the earliest Edinburgh edition of his works. Our artist describes Burns in the act of reciting this poem to a gathering of literary people at the Duchess of Gordon’s in Edinburgh, in 1787.

The most prominent personage in the scene, after the poet, is the fair, witty, and eccentric hostess, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, noted as a leader of society and fashion in Edinburgh, and also for her efforts in raising a regiment of Highlanders from the Gordon tenantry for her eldest son. The beautiful Duchess of Devonshire is said to have kissed those electors who would promise to vote for her candidate, and the Duchess of Gordon, we are

told, bestowed a kiss on each recruit for the famous "Gordon Highlanders."

Leaning on the back of her chair is "Peggy" Chalmers, whom Burns praised in two songs, and next her stands Miss Burnett, the beautiful daughter of Lord Monboddo. She died at an early age, of consumption, and the poet wrote an elegy upon her.

The venerable man sitting at the extreme right of the picture is Doctor Blacklock, the blind poet, whose letter to the Rev. George Laurie, the poet's friend, caused Burns to forego his intention of emigrating to the West Indies, and to seek success in Edinburgh.

In Burns's "Epistle to Doctor Blacklock" occur the beautiful lines :

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife ;
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

The gentleman in uniform, beside pretty "Peggy" Chalmers, is the Earl of Glencairn, a

kind friend and patron of the poet, whose "Lament for James, Earl of Glencairn" concludes thus :

" The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me ! "

Seated next Glencairn is the accomplished and eccentric judge, Lord Monboddo, above whose head is seen that of Alexander Nasmyth, the artist, who had Burns for one of his sitters. Behind Nasmyth is Creech, the celebrated Edinburgh publisher who issued Burns's poems, and was also the recipient of a rhymed epistle from him. Standing with arms folded is Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling." William Tytler of Woodhouslee, who wrote a book in defence of Mary, Queen of Scots, sits with hands on the table, and next him is Doctor Blair of "Rhetoric" fame. Behind Burns is Adam Ferguson, the distinguished metaphysician, the old lady

next him being the Dowager Countess of Glencairn. Dugald Stewart, the philosopher, sits beside her, his handkerchief in his right hand, and behind is seen Harry Erskine, the eloquent and witty advocate, leaning over the chair of one of the players at the card-table.

It was during Burns's stay in Edinburgh at this period that he and the young Walter Scott met for the only time in their lives. As the great novelist has himself recorded the episode, it would be inconsiderate to use any words but his own in describing it :

“As for Burns I may truly say *Virgilium vidi tantum*. I was a lad of fifteen, in 1786–87, when he came first to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him ; but I had very little acquaintance with any literary people, and still less with the gentry of the west country, the two sets whom he most frequented. Mr. Thomas Grierson was at that time a clerk of

The Meeting of Burns and Scott.

From painting by Charles M. Hardie.



my father's. He knew Burns, and promised to ask him to his lodgings to dinner, but had no opportunity to keep his word ; otherwise I might have seen more of this distinguished man. As it was, I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course, we youngsters sat silent, looked, and listened. The only thing I remember, which was remarkable in Burns's manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, — on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath :

“Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain;
Bent o'er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptised in tears.”

“ Burns seemed much affected by the print, or rather the ideas which it suggested to his mind. He actually shed tears. He asked whose the lines were, and it chanced that nobody but myself remembered that they occur in a half-forgotten poem of Langhorne's, called by the unpromising title of ‘The Justice of Peace.’ I whispered my information to a friend present, who mentioned it to Burns, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with very great pleasure.

“ His person was strong and robust ; his manners rustic, not clownish — a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His features are represented in Mr. Nasmyth's picture ; but to me it conveys the idea that they are diminished, as if seen in perspective. I think his countenance was more

massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known what he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school, *i. e.*, none of your modern agriculturists, who keep labourers for their drudgery, but the *douce gudeman* who held his own plough. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. Among the men who were the most learned of their time and country, he expressed himself with perfect firmness, but without the least intrusive forwardness; and when he differed in opinion, he did not hesi-

tate to express it firmly, yet at the same time with modesty. I do not remember any part of his conversation distinctly enough to be quoted; nor did I ever see him again, except in the street, where he did not recognise me, as I could not expect he should. He was much caressed in Edinburgh, but (considering what literary emoluments have been since his day) the efforts made for his relief were extremely trifling.

“I remember, on this occasion, I thought Burns’s acquaintance with English poetry was rather limited, and also that, having twenty times the abilities of Allan Ramsay and of Fergusson, he talked of them with too much humility as his models; there was, doubtless, national predilection in his estimate. This is all I can tell you about Burns. I have only to add that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird. I do not speak *in malam partem*, when I say

I never saw a man in company with his superiors in station and information more perfectly free from either the reality or the affectation of embarrassment. I was told, but did not observe it, that his address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous, which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this. I do not know anything I can add to these recollections of forty years since."

In the painting of the meeting between Burns and Scott, the artist has placed Professor Ferguson, the host, at the fireside; Dugald Stewart is seated behind the young Scott; and then come Dr. Joseph Black, Adam Smith, who wrote "The Wealth of Nations," taking snuff, John Home, author of the once popular tragedy of Douglas, whose "Young Norval" is not yet forgotten, and, lastly, Dr. James Hutton, the geologist.

These two admirable illustrations of the

life of the Ayrshire bard were both painted by Charles M. Hardie, a Scotch artist, who has also produced other works on the same theme, and to whom every lover of Burns should be grateful.

CHARTIER.

WHEN, in 1743, Voltaire's "Mérope" received its first performance, the enthusiasm of the audience was extreme.

"The pit was mad," wrote the poet to one of his friends. "They cried to the duchess (his old friend, the Duchess de Villars) to kiss me, and they made so much noise that she was obliged at last to do it, by the order of her mother-in-law. I have been kissed publicly, like Alain Chartier by the Princess Marguerite of Scotland, but he was asleep, and I was awake."

The eminent French poet of whom Voltaire spoke is doubtless better known to



and the American must have been granted to Charles M. Hurd, a Scotch-irish, and his son, possibly great wealth by this time, should have been given to him of them should be granted.

CHAPTER

There, in 1741, a certain "Alain" appeared at the court of the king of France.

Alain Chartier and Margaret of Scotland.

From painting by Pierre Charles Comte. In 1741, a certain "Alain" appeared at the court of the king of France. They lived in the duchess of Brittany, the Duchess de Volonté de France, and they were in a great state of affairs. They were obliged to live in the city of Paris, and they were in a great state of affairs. I have long known of the "Alain Chartier" and the "Margaret of Scotland" but I have never seen them.

The "Alain Chartier" and the "Margaret of Scotland" were in a great state of affairs. They were obliged to live in the city of Paris, and they were in a great state of affairs.



English readers through the kiss given him by the beautiful and unfortunate Margaret of Scotland than by his verse. The story is that one day the poet fell asleep in the palace while composing, and Margaret, coming by, graciously bestowed a kiss upon him, saying in justification that it was not the man she saluted, but the mouth from whence had come so many beautiful sentences.

Chartier, who, by the way, was called the ugliest man of his day, enjoyed an extraordinary reputation during his life for wit, taste, and eloquence, and was esteemed the greatest ornament to the court. He is styled the most distinguished French man of letters during the fifteenth century, and Miss Costello, in her book on the early poetry of France, calls him "a poet of whom any age and country might be proud." She says: "The tenderness, eloquence, and beauty of his compositions place him in the first rank, and indeed many of those on whom the French

found their poetic fame, and distinguish in their 'Parnasse,' would scarcely be considered, by other nations, as worthy to approach him. His faults are those of his age, his beauties are his own, and those who followed did not scruple to adopt much of his style and many of his ideas."

He was secretary to both Charles VI. and Charles VII., and was sent by the latter as one of an embassy to James I. of Scotland, to ask the hand of his eldest daughter Margaret for Charles's son, the dauphin Louis, who afterward became Louis XI. of France. The match was finally made, after much delay, and the boy and girl — Louis was but thirteen and Margaret younger still — were married at Tours in 1436. Louis, whose detestable character is notorious, never liked his Scottish bride, and their union was a most unhappy one. We see him in our picture, approaching behind his young wife and sneering at her impulsive action.

Margaret, who had noble qualities, found some consolation in poetry, which she studied under the direction of Chartier. The dauphin's dislike and neglect, however, caused her to fall into a state of melancholy, and her health became weakened. While in this sad condition, she took a chill, which developed into inflammation of the lungs, and of this disease she died in a few days. When she lay dying, some of her attendants tried to recall her thoughts to life, and the pleasures which might yet be in store for her, but she turned from them in disgust, exclaiming, "Fie on the life of this world! Speak to me no more." And thus saying, so died, in 1445, aged only about twenty years.

Chartier makes numerous allusions in his poems to one whom he dares not name, to whom his duty and homage are due (doubtless referring to Margaret), and laments with pathos the early death of his beloved mistress.

We quote some of his lines of this nature :

“Yes, I must cease to breathe the song,
At once must lay my harp aside ;
No more to me may joy belong,
It withered when my lady died !
In vain my lips essay to smile,
My eyes are filled with tears the while ;
In vain I strive to force my lays
Back to the dreams of former days,
Let others sing, whom love has left
Some ray of hope amidst their grief,
Who are not of all bliss bereft,
And still can find, in verse, relief.
The thoughts, by fancy beauteous made,
All now are changed to endless gloom,
And following still my dear one’s shade,
Sleep with her in her early tomb !

“’Twas all the joy the world could give,
To serve her humbly and alone ;
For this dear task I seemed to live,
And life to me all summer shone.
All that I sought in Fortune’s store
Was thus to love her evermore !
I thought my state a Paradise
More bright than I have words to tell,

When those fair, soft, and smiling eyes
A moment deigned on mine to dwell :
It seemed far better thus to me
To live, although no hope were mine,
Than monarch of fair France to be,
And this existence to resign."

Our picture of Alain Chartier and Margaret of Scotland was sent to the Salon of 1859 by Pierre Charles Comte, a well-known French artist, who has received many medals and other honours. His "Henry III. and the Duke of Guise" is in the Luxembourg, and his "Scene at Fontainebleau — Costume of Louis XI." belongs to the Corcoran Gallery at Washington. Several paintings by Comte are owned in this country, the galleries of the late A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt having included works by him.

At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, Comte was represented by a picture of gypsies exhibiting dancing pigs before the sick Louis XI. Louis, the wily rival of Charles the Bold, was very fond of

hunting and of animals, especially of those which were rare, or trained to perform any uncommon feats, and the painting shown at Philadelphia is not the only one in which Comte has described this king's hobby.

Other pictures by him show the crowning of the dead Inez de Castro (Mrs. Hemans has told the story in verse), Charles IX. visiting the wounded Coligny, the coxcomb king, Henry III., among his monkeys and parrots, the pleasure-loving Francis I. and the Duchess d'Etampes in the studio of Benvenuto Cellini, and Joan of Arc at the coronation of Charles VII.

MOLIÈRE.

MLLE. POISSON, one of the actresses in Molière's company, has recorded the fact that, when the great dramatist read a new piece to his troupe, he liked to have children present, that the actors might study the effect



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Molière and His Company.

From painting by Gaston Melingue.

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Molière and His Company.

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of his work upon the fresh and unspoilt intelligences of the young listeners.

It is thus that the artist has shown Molière to us, in the full flow of his animated recital, and with all his hearers, both old and young, absorbed and delighted. Among them must be seated Armande, the charming young bride of Molière, who was married to him at seventeen, he being then forty. Few of such marriages result happily, and Molière's was no exception to the rule.

In a scandalous publication, professing to be a biography of Armande Molière, may be found a remarkable account of a conversation between her husband and an old friend, which, however suspicious may be the medium through which it reaches us, has in it the very ring of truth.

Molière says : " I took my wife, so to speak, from the cradle ; I brought her up with care. . . . I persuaded myself that I could inspire her with sentiments which time should not

destroy, and I neglected nothing to attain this end. As she was still very young when I married her, I saw no evil inclinations in her, and I believed myself a little less unfortunate than most of those who come under similar engagements. Neither did I give up my cares after marriage ; but I found so much indifference in her that I began to perceive that all my precautions had been useless, and that the feeling she had for me was very far from that which I had desired to make me happy."

Armande was beautiful, talented, graceful, witty, but she was also a coquette, and worse. Her husband showed how fully he had awakened from the bright dream in which her affections were all his own, when he wrote to his friend Rohault a letter which ends : "I am the most wretched of men, my wife does not love me." Poor Molière !

His play of "The Misanthrope," perhaps the greatest of all his works, reveals his woes.

In it Alceste, a later Timon, loves Célimène, a heartless coquette. It should be remembered here, that these two parts were repeatedly acted by Molière himself and his wife. Alceste discovers that the coquette has deceived him, and loves him as little as she does his rivals. All these rivals, however, make the same discovery by the same means, Célimène having unwisely confided her opinion of each to the other; and the lady is thus caught in a trap, and exposed to the furious reproaches of one after another, all now as bitter as they were formerly flattering. At last the injured gallants withdraw, leaving her with Alceste, the most deeply injured of all. And now a fleeting impression is made upon the heart of Célimène herself. She bids her wounded lover, —

“Reproach me as you please: I have done wrong —
I do not hide it; and my heart confused
Offers to you no vain apology.
Of all the others I despise the rage,

But your resentment is too reasonable.
 I know how guilty I must seem to you —
 How all combines to prove I have betrayed
 Your faith, and given you too just cause for hate, —
 Hate me, then — I consent.

ALCESTE.

“ Ah, can I, traitress?
 Can I thus vanquish all past tenderness?
 And howsoever ardently I long
 To hate you, will my heart do't and obey me?

To Eliante and Philinte.

“ You see how far unworthy passion goes :
 You are the witnesses, how weak I am ;
 But yet, to say the truth, you know not all,
 For further depths remain, and you shall see
 How vain it is to call us wise, and how
 Each man at heart, being man, is always fool.

To Célimène.

“ Yes, false one, yes, I can forget your faults,
 Excuse your errors in my inmost soul,
 Cover them with the gentle name of weakness,
 Vice of the age which has betrayed your youth ;
 If only with your heart you will consent
 To flee the world with me, to follow now

Into the wilds where I have vowed to live ;
Thus only can you, in the eyes of men,
Repair the evils you have done, and thus
After those scandals which great hearts abhor,
I yet may be allowed to love you still.

CÉLIMÈNE.

“What, I ! renounce the world ere I am old —
Go and be buried in your wilderness !

ALCESTE.

“If your soul answer mine, what want we more ?
Is not my love enough for your content ?

CÉLIMÈNE.

“At twenty solitude is terrible.
No ; I have not a soul so great, so strong,
As to content myself with such a fate.
But if my hand would satisfy your wish,
And marriage — ”

“No,” cries Alceste, convinced at last
of his folly. “This refusal has done more
than all the rest. Since you are not able to
find all in me as I to find all in you, I refuse,
and free myself from your unworthy chains.

May you be happy," he adds, turning to his sympathetic friends; "for me, betrayed on all sides, overwhelmed with injustice, I must escape from this gulf, and in some distant part of the earth find a shelter where a man of honour may be free to live."

Molière died suddenly, an hour or two after a performance of his "*Malade Imaginaire*," in which play, as Argan, the hypochondriac, he had, strangely enough, counterfeited death as a means of proving the affection of his wife, Béline. He was only fifty-one years old.

Gaston Melingue, the French artist from whose brush came our picture of Molière reading, has painted another episode from the life of the great actor-dramatist, showing him dining at his villa in Auteuil with some of his famous friends, — Racine, La Fontaine, Boileau, and Chapelle. This picture, which gained him an Honourable Mention at the Salon of 1877, is in the art museum at Salford, England. Melingue's other works,

several of which are in French provincial museums, include "General Daumesnil at Vincennes," "Hoche in 1789," "An Episode of the Siege of Lille, 1792." "Joan of Arc and Baudricourt," and "La Tour d'Auvergne."

VOLTAIRE.

"FRANCE has been considered thus far as the asylum of unfortunate monarchs ; I wish that my capital should become the temple of great men," wrote Frederick the Great to Voltaire in 1743, when inviting him to make his home at Berlin. Seven years before, Frederick, then Prince Royal of Prussia, had written his first letter to Voltaire, beginning that famous series which lasted, with some interruption, over forty years, until the death of the poet, — seven years after, Voltaire took up his abode at the Prussian monarch's court.

“Friedrich is loyally glad over his Voltaire ; eager in all ways to content him, make him happy ; and keep him here, as the Talking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Golden Water of intelligent mankind ; the glory of one’s own court, and the envy of the world. ‘Will teach us the secret of the Muses, too ; French Muses, and help us in our bits of literature !’ ” These two, who first saw each other in the flesh in 1740, met for the last time in March, 1753, when the “Prince of Scoffers” bade farewell to Berlin, after his quarrel with Frederick about Maupertuis.

The “Letters” of this distinguished mathematician and president of the Berlin Academy had been ridiculed by Voltaire in his “Diatribes of Doctor Akakia,” and both Maupertuis and the king, his patron, were offended.

And so there came an end to the notable intimacy between these two great men ; an end to the poet’s corrections of the monarchs’ writings, — Frederick valued his victories at

less than his verses ; an end to the mutual compliments and to the generous favours which the king showered upon Voltaire.

What a gap his departure made in those supper parties about Frederick's "Round Table" at Sans Souci palace, where Voltaire shone easily first. Hear Carlyle anent these : "Not to mention the suppers of the king : chosen circle, with the king for centre ; a radiant Friedrich flashing out to right and left, till all kindles into coruscation round him ; and it is such a blaze of spiritual sheet-lightnings — wonderful to think of ; Voltaire especially electric. Never, or seldom, were seen such suppers." At these meals, the company, sometimes numbering as many as seventeen, though usually limited to ten, began to gather at nine ; at half-past that hour the meal was served, and at midnight the king withdrew. Not even the wit or wisdom of Voltaire could keep the methodical Frederick from his bed more than five minutes.

In Menzel's painting of the brilliant assemblage, the king sits in the centre with his face turned toward Voltaire's keen profile on his right. General von Stille, one of the only two Germans present, besides Frederick, sits between Voltaire and the king, and behind the poet is seen the head of George, Lord Marshal Keith, a Scotch nobleman who was at different times the ambassador of Prussia, at the courts of Spain and France. Keith had served under Marlborough when a young man, but, being a Jacobite and concerned in the uprising of 1715, had to fly to the Continent, and was attainted and his estates forfeited to the Crown. After various changes of fortune, he became attached to Frederick's court, and although, when pardoned by George II. for his share in the rebellion of 1715, he visited Scotland, he returned to Berlin by Frederick's invitation and ended his life there.

His more famous brother, James, Field-Marshal Keith, sits on the king's left hand.



This Marshal Keith, another Jacobite who fled after Preston, and flourished abroad, was one of Frederick's most able and trustworthy generals, and was killed at the battle of Hochkirch, where the Prussians were defeated by Daun. This was in 1758, a sad year for Frederick, who lost not only Keith and Hochkirch, but his favourite and dearly loved sister, Wilhelmina. He sorrowed much over Keith, — had his body conveyed to Berlin and reinterred with all honours in the Garrison Church there, and in after years put up a statue to him in the Wilhelm Platz.

Next to the brave marshal we see Algarotti, leaning forward so as to lose nothing of Voltaire's words. Francesco Algarotti, a man of taste, wit, and learning, sometimes styled the "Swan of Padua," was the son of a rich Venetian merchant. He had visited Voltaire at Cirey when but a young man, and interested him in a project of putting Newton's "Principia" into a series of Italian dialogues

for ladies, which Algarotti afterwards completed and published at Paris. Frederick created him a Prussian count in 1740 and was his friendly patron for many years. Algarotti laboured for the reform of Italian opera, and gained the reputation of an authority upon painting, sculpture, and architecture. He wrote "Letters on Painting," and was employed at one time to procure pictures for the Royal Gallery at Dresden, and among his purchases now there are the famous Madonna of the Meyer Family, by Holbein, and the "Chocolate Girl" of Liotard.

He died at Pisa in 1764, and lies buried in the Campo Santo there, beneath a monument erected by Frederick the Great, on which is inscribed

"Hic jacet Algarottus, sed non omnis."

Beside Algarotti is seated another German soldier, Count Rothemburg, and at his left may be noticed La Mettrie, reader and pen-

sioned companion to Frederick, a Frenchman who was by turns author, physician, materialist, atheist, and teller of stories. He is conversing with the Marquis d'Argens, another French writer, who had lived a gay and adventurous life in youth, and, gaining Frederick's attention by some romances which he wrote, was invited to enter his service. One of his chief duties was to aid in enticing to Berlin those Frenchmen of talent whom the King of Prussia wished to have about him.

Such was the circle which Menzel has so marvellously characterised, — an odd, cosmopolitan gathering which well shows Frederick's preference for Frenchmen in that it does not include a single name honoured in German literature.

In 1815, the same year that brought forth Meissonier, whose brush so often paid homage to Napoleon, was born Adolf Menzel, the painter of Frederick the Great. Menzel's "Round Table of Frederick at Sans Souci,

1750," fitly finds a home in the National Gallery of Berlin, with his picture — two masterpieces together — of "A Flute Concert at Sans Souci," showing Frederick performing on his favourite instrument. The artist has also depicted that monarch at the defeat of Hochkirch, — a notable battle-piece, — and in some other situations, and has illustrated with many most admirable and inimitable designs both Kugler's history of the life of Frederick and a sumptuous edition of his voluminous writings in verse and prose, — the latter task being commissioned by King Frederick William IV. Not content with these astonishing achievements, which contain the result of as much study and research as would occupy the lifetime of some artists, Menzel has also produced a large work on the "Army of Frederick the Great," a monograph which re-creates not only its uniforms, trappings, and weapons, but also its men.

Numerous works in oil, besides these already spoken of, have come from this remarkable painter's hand, — notably that one known as "Modern Cyclops," a scene in an iron foundry, now in the Berlin National Gallery, — but we will not try to enumerate them. Suffice it to say that in Menzel the world wisely honours an artist truly original, one of the greatest of his time.

DIDÉROT.

It is pleasant to know that Meissonier greatly admired Menzel's art, and obtained for him the cross of the Legion of Honour in 1867, when the German artist sent some pictures to the Paris Exhibition. Menzel could not speak French, and Meissonier knew no German, but it is told that they were so delighted with each other's artistic gifts that during Menzel's stay they were rarely seen apart, although their whole conversation was limited to repeated pressures of the hand and

mutual exclamations of admiration. An odd spectacle they must have presented, as Meissonier was a little man with a big head, and Menzel is even shorter of stature than the French artist.

Voltaire, who once wrote to Diderot, "I am eighty-three years of age, and I repeat that I am inconsolable at the thought of dying without ever having seen you," did not meet him until the last year of his own life, but he did much for the *Encyclopædia*, that great work which Diderot brought to its conclusion alone.

We have seen Voltaire beside Frederick painted by Menzel ; let us look for a moment at Diderot painted by Meissonier. Here, in one of the painter's masterpieces, we see the philosopher seated in his library reading to some friends, among whom are three artists, — Chardin, renowned for his success in "still life," Joseph Vernet, the marine painter, and Vanloo. Who were the persons Meissonier

La Lecture chez Diderot.

From painting by J. L. E. Meissonier.



intended to represent by the other three listeners is not recorded, but we can well imagine them to have been D'Alembert, Diderot's coöperator on the *Encyclopædia*, Holbach, author of the "*System of Nature*," which was imputed to Diderot, and Grimm, Diderot's closest friend.

Diderot may be gratifying his artist friends with a first hearing of one of his annual criticisms on the exhibition of paintings in the Salon, the first of which was written in 1759.

John Morley, in his admirable book on Diderot, writes interestingly of these reviews.

He says : "It is impossible, in reading how deeply Diderot was affected by fifth-rate paintings and sculpture, not to count it among the great losses of literature that he saw few masterpieces. He never made the great pilgrimage. He was never at Venice, Florence, Parma, Rome. A journey to Italy was once planned, in which Grimm and Rousseau were to have been his travelling

companions ; the project was not realised, and the strongest critic of art that his country produced never saw the greatest glories of art. If Diderot had visited Florence and Rome, even the mighty painter of the 'Last Judgment,' and the creator of those sublime figures in the New Sacristy at San Lorenzo, would have found an interpreter worthy of him. But it was not to be. 'It is rare,' he once wrote, 'for an artist to excel without having seen Italy, just as a man seldom becomes a great writer or a man of great taste without having given severe study to the ancients.' Diderot at least knew what he lost."

For Watteau, Diderot cared little. "I would give ten Watteaus," he said, "for one Teniers."

Greuze, of all the painters of the time, was Diderot's chief favourite. "Diderot was not at all blind to Greuze's faults, to his repetitions, his frequent want of size and amplitude, the excess of gray and of violet in his colour-

ing. But all these were forgotten in transports of sympathy for the sentiment. As we glance at a list of Greuze's subjects, we perceive that we are in the very heart of the region of the domestic, the moral, '*l'honnête*,' the homely pathos of the common people. The death of a father of a family, regretted by his children; The death of an unnatural father, abandoned by his children; The beloved mother caressed by her little ones; A child weeping over its dead bird; A paralytic tended by his family; or, The fruit of a good education. Diderot was ravished by such themes."

"Diderot, as a critic, seems always to have remembered a pleasant remonstrance once addressed at the Salon by the worthy Chardin to himself and Grimm. 'Gently, good sirs, gently! Out of all the pictures that are here, seek the very worst; and know that two thousand unhappy wretches have bitten their brushes in two with their teeth, in despair of ever doing

even as badly. Parrocel, whom you call a dauber, and who for that matter is a dauber, if you compare him to Vernet, is still a man of rare talent relatively to the multitude of those who have flung up the career in which they started with him.' And then the artist recounts the immense labours, the exhausting years, the boundless patience, attention, tenacity, that are the conditions even of a mediocre degree of mastery."

Morley says: "The one painter whom Diderot never spares is Boucher, who was an idol of the time, and made an income of fifty thousand livres a year out of his popularity. He laughs at him as a mere painter of fans, an artist with no colour on his palette save white and red."

"Diderot's special gift," according to Morley, "was the transformation of scientific criticism into something with the charm of literature. Take, for instance, a picture by Vien :

“ ‘ *Psyche approaching with her lamp to surprise Love in his sleep.* — The two figures are of flesh and blood, but they have neither the elegance, nor the grace, nor the delicacy that the subject required. Love seems to me to be making a grimace. Psyche is not like a woman who comes trembling on tiptoe. I do not see on her face that mixture of surprise, fear, love, desire, and admiration, which ought all to be there. It is not enough to show in Psyche a curiosity to see Love ; I must also perceive in her the fear of awakening him. She ought to have her mouth half open, and to be afraid of drawing her breath. ’Tis her lover that she sees, — that she sees for the first time, at the risk of losing him for ever. What joy to look upon him, and to find him so fair ! Oh, what little intelligence in our painters, how little they understand nature ! The head of Psyche ought to be inclined toward Love ; the rest of her body drawn back, as it is when you advance toward a

spot where you fear to enter, and from which you are ready to flee back ; one foot planted on the ground, and the other barely touching it. And the lamp ; ought she to let the light fall on the eyes of Love ? Ought she not to hold it apart, and to shield it with her hand to deaden its brightness ? Moreover, that would have lighted the picture in a striking way. These good people do not know that the eyelids have a kind of transparency ; they have never seen a mother coming in the night to look at her child in the cradle, with a lamp in her hand, and fearful of awakening it."

The picture of Diderot reading was one of the works completed by Meissonier in 1859, and belongs to Baron E. de Rothschild.

Its author, Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, died at the age of seventy-five, in 1891, full of honours. It is not necessary to recount these, — it should be enough to say that the French have already erected two statues to

him, — one in Poissy, where he had a country-house, and one in Paris, outside the Louvre. Meissonier's "Friedland, 1807," a picture showing Napoleon at the zenith of his glory, is one of the artist's most famous works, and also one of his largest, — small dimensions being the rule with his canvases. It belongs to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, having come there from the sale of A. T. Stewart's collection in 1887, where it was purchased by Judge Hilton, who gave it to the museum. Mr. Stewart is said to have paid the painter the large sum of sixty thousand dollars for this picture. The triumphant "1807" has its contrast in "1814" (owned in France), where we see the emperor on his white charger, at the head of his staff, slowly retreating before the enemy over snow-covered roads.

The last work exhibited by Meissonier before his death was another Napoleonic episode, — "Jena, 1806." Of the many

other pictures he produced, the most famous are "La Rixe" (which Napoleon III. gave to Prince Albert in 1855, and which now belongs to Queen Victoria), "The Portrait of the Sergeant," "The Sign Painter," and "Solferino," the latter being in the Luxembourg.

SCHILLER.

SCHILLER is reading his tragedy of "Don Carlos" to the little court of Weimar, of which the central figure is Duke Karl August, a liberal patron of literature. Around the duke are grouped his family, and behind him stand Goethe and Wieland. The former lived at Weimar for over fifty years, until his death in 1832, and was buried there, beside Schiller, in the vault of the Grand Dukes of Saxe-Weimar. Together in life and death, the illustrious pair are again united in a well-conceived bronze group by Rietschel, which was erected, in 1857, in front of the theatre





at Weimar, and portrays the two poets standing side by side.

It is easy to imagine what pleasure Schiller must have experienced in reciting his tragedy to such friendly and appreciative listeners as the artist has grouped before us.

We may suppose the poet to be reading the moving scene between Philip II. and Don Carlos, in the second act of the play.

KING.

I am alone !

CARLOS.

You have been so till now. Hate me no more,
And I will love you dearly, as a son :
But hate me now no longer ! O ! how sweet,
Divinely sweet it is, to feel our being
Reflected in another's beauteous soul ;
To see our joys gladden another's cheek,
Our pains bring anguish to another's bosom,
Our sorrows fill another's eye with tears !
How sweet, how glorious is it, hand in hand,
With a dear child, in inmost soul beloved,
To tread once more the rosy paths of youths,
And dream life's fond illusions o'er again !

How proud to live through endless centuries,
 Immortal in the virtues of a son;
 How sweet to plant what his dear hand shall reap;
 To gather what will yield him rich return,
 And guess how high his thanks will one day rise!
 My father, of this earthly paradise
 Your monks most wisely speak not.

KING.

O, my son,
 Thou hast condemn'd thyself, in painting thus
 A bliss this heart hath ne'er enjoyed from thee!

CARLOS.

Th' Omniscient be my judge! You till this hour
 Have still debarr'd me from your heart, and all
 Participation in your royal cares.
 The heir of Spain has been a very stranger
 In Spanish land — a prisoner in the realm
 Where he must one day rule. Say, was this just,
 Or kind? And often have I blush'd for shame,
 And stood with eyes abash'd, to learn perchance,
 From foreign envoys, or the general rumour,
 Thy courtly doings at Aranjuez.

KING.

Thy blood flows far too hotly in thy veins.
 Thou wouldst but ruin all.

CARLOS.

But try me, father!

'Tis true my blood flows hotly in my veins.
Full three and twenty years I now have lived,
And nought achieved for immortality.
I am aroused — I feel my inward powers —
My title to the throne arouses me
From slumber like an angry creditor;
And all the misspent hours of early youth,
Like debts of honour, clamour in mine ears.
It comes at length, the glorious moment comes
That claims full interest on the entrusted talent.
The annals of the world, ancestral fame,
And glory's echoing trumpet urge me on.
Now is the blessed hour at length arrived
That opens wide to me the lists of honour.
My King, my father! — dare I utter now
The suit which led me hither?

KING.

Still a suit?

Unfold it.

CARLOS.

The rebellion in Brabant
Increases to a height — the traitor's madness
By stern, but prudent, vigour must be met.
The Duke, to quell the wild enthusiasm,

Invested with the sovereign's power, will lead
An army into Flanders. O, how full
Of glory is such office! — and how suited
To open wide the temple of renown
To me, your son! To my hand, then, O King,
Entrust the army; in thy Flemish lands
I am well loved, and I will freely gage
My life, for their fidelity and truth.

KING.

Thou speakest like a dreamer. This high office
Demands a man — and not a stripling's arm.

CARLOS.

It but demands a human being, father:
And that is what Duke Alva ne'er hath been.

KING.

Terror alone can tie rebellion's hands:
Humanity were madness. Thy soft soul
Is tender, son: they'll tremble at the Duke.
Desist from thy request.

CARLOS.

Despatch me, Sire,
To Flanders with the army — dare rely
E'en on my tender soul. The name of Prince,

The royal name emblazoned on my standard,
Conquers where Alva's butchers but dismay.
Here on my knees I crave it — this the first
Petition of my life. — Trust Flanders to me.

KING.

Trust my best army to thy thirst for rule,
And put a dagger in my murderer's hand !

CARLOS.

Great God ! and is this all — is this the fruit
Of a momentous hour so long desired !
Oh, speak to me more kindly — send me not
Thus comfortless away — dismiss me not
With this afflicting answer, oh, my father !
Use me more tenderly, indeed I need it.
This is the last resource of wild despair —
It conquers every pow'r of firm resolve
To bear it as a man — this deep contempt. —
My ev'ry suit denied : Let me away —
Unheard and foil'd in all my fondest hopes,
I take my leave, now Alva and Domingo
May proudly sit in triumph where your son
Lies weeping in the dust. Your crowd of courtiers,
And your train of cringing, trembling nobles,
Your tribe of sallow monks, so deadly pale,
All witness'd how you granted me this audience.

Let me not be disgraced — O, strike me not
 With this most deadly wound — nor lay me bare
 To sneering insolence of menial taunts !
 “ That strangers riot on your bounty, whilst
 Carlos, your son, may supplicate in vain.”
 And as a pledge that you would have me honour'd,
 Despatch me straight to Flanders with the army.

KING.

Urge thy request no further — as thou wouldst
 Avoid the King's displeasure.

CARLOS.

I must brave
 My King's displeasure, and prefer my suit
 Once more, it is the last. Trust Flanders to me !
 I must away from Spain. To linger here
 Is to draw breath beneath the headsman's axe :
 The air lies heavy on me in Madrid.
 Like murder on guilty soul — a change,
 An instant change of clime alone can cure me.
 If you will save my life, despatch me straight
 Without delay to Flanders.

KING.

Invalids, like thee, my son, need to be tended close
 And ever watched by the physician's eye.
 Thou stay'st in Spain — the Duke will go to Flanders.

The late Wilhelm Lindenschmit, who designed "Schiller at Weimar," was a painter of history, and professor at the Royal Academy of Munich. His most notable productions are several pictures illustrative of the life of Luther, one of which, "Luther and the Reformers at Marburg, 1529," was formerly in the Powers collection at Rochester, N. Y.

The Leipsic Museum owns his "Ulrich Von Hutten at Viterbo in 1516, fighting with five Frenchmen who had jeered at the Emperor Maximilian." Lindenschmit died in 1895.

GOETHE.

IN the autumn of 1808, Napoleon and Alexander I. met at Erfurt. The Kings of Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Westphalia, and their queens, with many other princes and dignitaries, added to the magnificence of the scene, but a still higher lustre was imparted

by the presence of Germany's greatest scholars and men of letters.

Among them was Wieland, the "German Voltaire," then an old man of seventy-five, with whom Napoleon held a long conversation upon literature, history, and philosophy. Amid other queries, the emperor asked the author of "Oberon" his stock question, "Which has been the happiest age of humanity?" and was pleased when the aged poet said that it was impossible to give a reply, because "good and evil, virtue and vice, continually alternate; philosophy must emphasise the good and make the evil tolerable."

But the victor of Austerlitz talked with a greater than Wieland during his stay at Erfurt. Goethe, then in his sixtieth year, visited Napoleon, at the request of the latter. At that time, and long afterward, the poet considered the emperor not only the greatest power, but the greatest idealist, in the world. Twenty years later, Goethe said to Ecker-

Napoleon I., Goethe, and Wieland.

From painting by E. E. Hillemacher.



mann, "Napoleon was the man ! His life was the stride of a demigod. That was a fellow whom we cannot imitate."

According to Goethe's own account of the interview, given in his "Annals," the great soldier's first words to him were, "You are a man !" Goethe says :

"I was ordered to the presence of the emperor at 11 A. M.

"A stout chamberlain, a Pole, intimated to me to stay.

"The crowd removed.

"Presented to Savary and Talleyrand.

"I am called to the cabinet of the emperor.

"At the same moment Daru sends in his name, and is at once admitted.

"I therefore hesitate.

"Am again called.

"Step in.

"The emperor sits at a large round table, taking breakfast ; at his right stands Talleyrand at some distance from the table ; at his

left, rather near, Daru, with whom he converses on the contribution affairs.

“The emperor nods to me to come forward.

“I stand at becoming distance from him.

“Having looked at me attentively, he said,
‘*Vous êtes un homme.*’

“I bow.

“He asks, ‘How old are you?’

“‘Sixty years.’

“‘You carry your age well.

“‘You have written tragedies?’

“I answered what was necessary.

“Here Daru took up the word. In some measure to flatter the Germans on whom he had to work so much woe, he spoke of German literature; being also well conversant with Latin and himself editor of Horace.

“He spoke of me in much the same way as my patrons in Berlin might have spoken; at least, I recognised in his words their mode of thought and sentiment.

“He then added that I had translated from the French, and that Voltaire’s ‘Mahomet.’

“The emperor replied, ‘It is not a good piece,’ and set forth with great detail how unsuitable it was for the conqueror of the world to make such an unfavourable description of himself.

“He then turned the conversation on ‘Werther,’ which he seemed to have studied thoroughly. After various very pertinent remarks he pointed out certain passage, and said, ‘Why have you written so? It is not according to nature,’ opening up his meaning at large, and setting forth the matter with perfect accuracy.

“I listened to him with an expression of pleasure, and with a smile of gladness answered that I, indeed, was not aware that any person had made me the same reproach; but I found his censure quite correct, and confessed that in this passage there was something demonstrable as untrue. Only, I

added, it might perhaps be pardoned the poet if he made use of an artifice not easily to be discovered in order to produce certain effects he could not have accomplished in a simple, natural way.

“The emperor seemed satisfied with this, returned to the drama, and made very important remarks, in the manner of a criminal judge who contemplates the tragic stage with the greatest attention, having deeply felt the deviation of the French theatre from nature and truth.

“He then referred to the fate-plays with disapproval. They had belonged to a darker time. ‘What,’ said he, ‘have people now to do with fate? It is politics that is fate.’

“He next turned again to Daru, and spoke with him of the great contribution affairs. I retired a little, and came to stand just at the corner where, more than thirty years ago, along with many a glad hour, I had also experienced many a sad one, and had time to

remark that to the right of me, toward the entry door, Berthier, Savary, and yet another person stood. Talleyrand had removed.

“ Marshal Soult was announced.

“ This tall figure, with a profusion of hair on his head, entered. The emperor inquired jocularly about some unpleasant events in Poland, and I had time to look around me in the room, and to think of the past.

“ Here, too, was the old tapestry.

“ But the portraits on the walls were vanished.

“ Here had hung the likeness of the Duchess Amalia in masquerade dress, a black half-mask in the hand, the other likenesses of governors and members of the family, likewise all gone.

“ The emperor rose, went up to me, and by a kind of manœuvre separated me from the other members of the row in which I stood.

“ Turning his back to those, and speaking to

me in a lower voice, he asked whether I was married? have children? and other personal matters of usual interest. In the same manner, likewise, he inquired after my relations to the princely house, after the Duchess Amalia, the prince, the princess, etc. I answered him in a natural way. He seemed satisfied, and translated it into his own language, only in a somewhat more decisive style than I had been able to express myself.

“I must remark, generally, that in the whole conversation I had to admire the multiplicity of his expressions of approval, for he seldom listened without some response, either nodding reflectively with the head or saying ‘*Oui,*’ or ‘*C’est bien*’ or such like. Nor must I forget to mention that when he had finished speaking, he usually added, ‘*Qu’en dit M. Göt ?*’

“And so I took the opportunity of asking the chamberlain by a sign whether I might take leave, which he answered in the affirma-

tive, and I then without further ado took my departure."

Hillemacher's painting of the meeting of these great ones was sent to the Salon of 1863. Its artist, who died in 1887, was a pupil of the veteran Cogniet, and painted many episodes of historic interest. The French government purchased his "Confessional in St. Peter's, at Rome, on Easter Day," painted in 1855. He has produced a great number of pictures, including "The Entrance of the Turks into St. Sophia in 1453," "The Young Turenne," "Ceres in Search of Proserpine," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Tarpeia," and "Philip IV. and Velasquez."

THE END.

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